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A *gaúcho*—Southern Brazilian cowboy—joins his fellow countrymen in celebrating national Independence Day, September 7 (see "The Makings of Independence," page 3). Photograph by Jorge de Castro for *Sombra*

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Dear Reader

Many of the decisions of the Fourth Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, held in Washington last April, established only general principles that were to be further developed after other agencies especially created for the purpose or already in being had carried out certain technical studies. This was particularly true in connection with economic problems. So the work and research recommended by the Meeting is going ahead vigorously. On July 16, for example, a meeting of technicians of central banks, treasuries, and fiscal agencies opened in Washington, to study the most advisable policy for maintaining the purchasing power of the currencies of the American republics.

In Panama in August the Second Extraordinary Session will be held of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, which was specifically charged by the Meeting of Consultation with examining the conditions arising from the emergency, such as scarcity of materials and manufactured products, priority and quota systems, price controls, transportation facilities, etc. This special session will also provide an opportunity for the actual directors of economic policy of the American countries to meet and outline a program of work for the Council itself, which meets regularly at the Pan American Union in Washington. The First Extraordinary Session, attended by the Economic and Finance Ministers of several countries and representatives of the others, formulated, among other things, the program of technical cooperation, which has already gotten under way in various American countries, and whose future development will be determined by this second session.

But the American governments are not exclusively concerned with the economic and political aspects of the emergency. In September many of their representatives will meet in Mexico City for the inaugural session of the Inter-American Cultural Council, one of the organs of the OAS Council. The Cultural Council, the Economic and Social Council, and the Inter-American Council of Jurists together cover the most important aspects of cooperation among our republics. The new body, created by the Bogotá Conference in the OAS Charter, must begin its work with discussion of its own statute and regulations. It must decide about establishment of the Committee for Cultural Action, to be composed of representatives of five States, which will be the permanent committee of the Cultural Council. The full Council will meet only every two years. At its first meeting, the Council will also deal with the technical cooperation program as it affects education, science, and culture in this Hemisphere, and with the coordination of activities in these fields between the OAS and national and international organizations working toward the same ends, specifically in connection with literacy campaigns, library problems, scholarships, and so on. It will also study a program of activities for the future.

By the end of this year, therefore, the OAS Charter, which is about to enter into full legal force with the fourteenth ratification by a member State, will be guiding the activities of an organization finally completed with the establishment of all the agencies provided for in the document drawn up in Bogotá in 1948.

M. Lleras
Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



ALCEU AMOROSO LIMA, director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs and author of "The Makings of Independence," is a prominent Brazilian writer, philosopher, sociologist, and literary critic. Born in Rio fifty-eight years ago, he attended the law school there, receiving a degree in juridical and social science. Then he went to France to study for a diplomatic career at the Sorbonne. As a leader in the modernist literary movement in Brazil, Dr. Amoroso Lima has contributed to many of his country's outstanding newspapers and magazines. An eminent Catholic layman, he is author of over forty books on literature, sociology, economics, labor problems, philosophy, and esthetics. In addition to being a member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters, he is a noted linguist.



With a few, neat strokes of her "Cuban Paintbrush," ELIZABETH VERNER HAMILTON gives us an absorbing picture of how island moderns are affecting contemporary art. Daughter of an artist, Mrs. Hamilton has known painters since childhood. A native of Charleston, South Carolina, she attended the Gibbs Art Gallery school there and graduated from the College of Charleston. Wife of John Andrew Hamilton of the U.S. State Department, who was cultural attaché and public-affairs officer at the U.S. Embassy in Havana from 1947 to 1950, she is the mother of four boys, including nine-year-old twins. Her articles have appeared in the *Charleston News and Courier*, *The Charleston Museum Quarterly*, *Junior League Magazine*, *Town & Country*, and other publications.



One subject PABLO MAX YNSFRAN knows thoroughly is "Paraguay." Born in Asunción fifty-seven years ago, he was educated at the Colegio Nacional, later becoming a lawyer. Since then, he has served his country with distinction in many important posts. These include membership in the Chamber of Deputies, *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Paraguayan Embassy in Washington, Minister of Public Works and Colonization, and President of the State Bank of Paraguay. A frequent contributor to *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires and other magazines and newspapers, Dr. Ynsfran is author of numerous books, including *El Paraguay Contemporáneo* and *Sobre Latinismo*, and edited *The Epic of the Chaco: Marshal Estigarribia's Memoirs of the Chaco War*. Today he is professor of Latin American Affairs at the University of Texas.



In "New Words or Old?" RAFAEL HELIODORO VALLE, Honduran Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, deals with the dilemma of contemporary Spanish lexicography recently under discussion at the First Congress of Spanish Language Academies in Mexico City. A distinguished writer and language authority, he has been editor of two of Mexico City's foremost newspapers, *El Universal* and *Excelsior*, and author of many books, including novels, poems, and histories. Only recently Ambassador Valle returned from Bogotá, where he was invited by the Colombian Government to lend his advice on further publication of the Cuervo papers, to complete the dictionary begun in the nineteenth century by Rufino José Cuervo.



A remark made in a letter from poet YOLANDA BEDREGAL during a recent trip to Europe to the effect that Bolivia, her native land, is "so unknown, perhaps the least known in America," led to the article, "A Bolivian Abroad." Educated at the University of La Paz, where her father was formerly rector, and at Barnard College in New York, the author is now professor of the history of art and esthetics at the Academy of Fine Arts, La Paz. Besides writing for publications all over the Spanish-speaking world, she has authored many books of poems and is a noted sculptress.



Venezuela's eminent historian MARIANO PICÓN-SALAS takes us on the trail of Miranda this month with "Parole, America—Countersign, Liberty." Once his country's ambassador to Colombia, Dr. Picón-Salas has had a brilliant career as a diplomat and teacher. Chilean-educated, he has served as Venezuelan Superintendent of Education and as professor at the Colegio de México. In 1937, he went to Czechoslovakia as a member of his country's diplomatic mission. Author of numerous books on a variety of historical and social subjects, he has spent the past year as professor of Spanish American literature at Columbia University.

"Peru Goes Fishing" is the work of Texas-born MICHAEL SCULLY, who has traveled extensively in Latin America, lived in various countries there, and specialized in their affairs. He started out as a newspaperman in Dallas, New Orleans, Cleveland, and New York. After an assignment in Europe, he returned to Texas, whose 263,644 square miles became his beat. There he wrote a daily syndicated feature called *This Is Texas*, but for the past fifteen years he has been wandering through Mexico and Central and South America.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization.

José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva, known as the "Patriarch of Independence," was largely responsible for Brazil's separation from Portugal



the makings of independence

Alceu Amoroso Lima



Although first Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro I launched country on sound, democratic lines



Jurujuba Castle, near Santa Cruz fortress, which staved off foreign attacks on Rio in 1596 and 1710

meditations on Brazil inspired by a September day in 1822

IN COUNTRIES THAT STARTED OUT as colonies, like the nations of the American continent, the phenomenon of independence is always a landmark in their history. That is the focal point. The evolution of the people and institutions revolves around it. But it is not only a landmark in time; more significantly, it is also a socio-political and psycho-social measuring stick. For the American peoples' sociology as well as their psychology is directly involved in the phenomenon of independence.

We constantly encounter two kinds of institutions, colonial and national. In the same way we find two corresponding types of mentality, colonial and national. America's historical evolution, in every case, has gone through the two phases of colonialism and nationalism, separated one from the other by independence. Actually,

a third phase must be added nowadays, which we might call "universalism." It started on the American continent with the First World War, was consolidated in the Second, and is now in full development in the midst of the cold war that has been the tragic aftermath since 1945.

Colonialism, nationalism, universalism—they succeed, but do not exclude, each other. They are three distinct moments in time, three historical chapters, three processes of social development. They represent three turns of mind. But they are not mutually incompatible. One phase overlaps the other without obliterating it. And today's universalism—in which all the American nations participate, more or less—is still deeply imbued with nationalism and even colonialism. For example, is not the *Hispanidad* movement a present-day form of Latin America's social



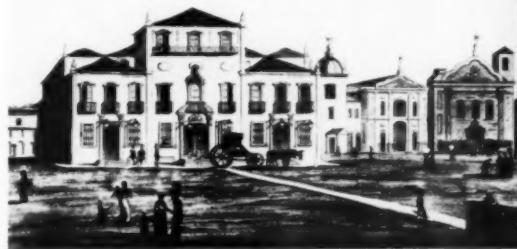
Brazil's independence was proclaimed on September 7, 1822, when Dom Pedro shouted "Independence or death" at Ypiranga

politics in which colonialism reappears, transfigured by nationalism? In that movement still another phenomenon intervenes—one that grew simultaneously with the transition from colonialism to nationalism and from there to universalism. I mean the spirit of continentalism.

Weak, perhaps even non-existent, in the colonial period, it became conscious in the national period and today, in the universal phase, it is a typically American element in the world political scene. For America is the only continent that above all demonstrates unity, despite the imperialisms and nationalisms of an intercontinental nature that dominate the twentieth century. Hence, incidentally, the considerable social, political, national, continental, and international importance of the Organization of American States. In the international chess game, from which mankind as a whole may win peace or catastrophe, the OAS is now an essential piece.

The phenomenon of independence, then, is like a cross-roads where the paths of historical development of all the American continent converge, and whence they branch off again. Independence month is a special month in every American country. May in Argentina or July in Uruguay and the United States—and so on throughout America—are months with a distinct meaning that is driven into the consciousness of every child, in school as well as at home.

In Brazil, that month is September. For those who live above the equator, September evokes the most beautiful season of the year—autumn, with its golden sadness and gentle evenings. For us who live below the equator, the seasons do not have the same element of poetry. The months, however, marked with the traditional seal of history, are just as sharply differentiated in one's mind. For Brazilians, September immediately suggests the great undisputed date. It evokes romantic images, cavalcades, pennants, gestures, symbols, streamers, colors, church bells, unfurled flags, popular celebrations and festoons in the streets, singing, and fighting. Much more singing than fighting. Every country has brought about that great transition in history—the Before and the After—in its own way.



Palace occupied by Brazilian royalty during resplendent days of the nineteenth century

A country may become independent in three different ways: through a mass movement, an institutional movement, and a personal movement. All three meet simultaneously, overlap, where the independence of the American peoples is concerned. In all there was a simultaneous contribution from the people, the institutions, and individuals, in varying degrees and slightly different ways. Not one of the American nations' independence movements falls exclusively into any one of these categories. But perhaps one can find in each a predominance of one of these elements, although other observers might disagree with the selection. We must remember that in social, as in psychological, matters, there are no single actions, only joint actions. An old and wise scholastic saying perfectly explains this phenomenon: *Causae ad invicem sunt causae*, "causes are mutually causes." In practical matters, there are no single, isolated, exclusive causes. They are all at once "causing" and "caused" and are therefore both cause and effect.

Thus the people, the institutions, and individuals affect and are affected by each other in all the forms independence has taken. Nevertheless, there is a hierarchy among these factors, the order being a free field for debate among historians, sociologists, and schools of thought on socio-political questions.

In Brazil's independence existing political institutions, represented by the central government, played a direct and outstanding part. The government in turn was represented by a historic personality: the young Prince Regent who personally proclaimed independence and in a way, as a result of this unique independence movement, personally proclaimed himself Emperor.

Not that our independence lacked the collaboration of the two other factors: the people (the man in the street, the journalist, the soldier, the patriot), and the institutions (the clergy, the army, the city councils, the plantations). Both were there. But above all, there was a personal, not a collective, movement. There was action by the existing institutions, not *against* them. The independence was not achieved through a revolution from below, but through a revolution from above.

It might be argued that there are no revolutions from below. As Taine once said, revolutions are always like



São Cristóvão Palace was home of Portuguese Braganças until 1889, when Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca established Republic.

bombs thrown from an attic which explode in the basement. No doubt. But in revolutions there is always a sort of irresistible wave, a kind of cell growth, that works—as in the case of the French Revolution—by means of multiplication of secret societies, of Masonic lodges, of *Sociétés de Pensée*. A movement is born which, through small neighborhood leaders, popular orators, "evil-looking men coming up out of the gutter," as the Countess of Boigne once wrote, quickly finds and arouses men capable of leading the masses. For the masses are always led and, as any mass, are always passive, although as individuals they are conscious and active.

In Brazil, independence was the work of the elite, the government, the existing institutions, the ruling class, the chief of state himself. Naturally it found an echo in the people's consciousness. Otherwise it would never have succeeded. The antecedents of the movement are to be found, for example, in the civic consciousness of our city councils since the sixteenth century. In the minutes of the city council at Piratininga (which is São Paulo today), written in the middle of the sixteenth century, one can see the municipal consciousness of those magistrates and their proud attitude toward Portugal's tax collectors, and better understand the *personal* nature of the 1822 movement. It was not an arbitrary personal

movement, isolated from collective, popular manifestations. Brazilian Prime Minister José Bonifácio returned from Portugal saying that Brazil was in a condition to "set up house," and João VI, the old Portuguese King, advised his son Pedro I—a romantic, quixotic, and Napoleonic hero—to "put that crown upon your head before an adventurer should take it upon himself." The son did just so, and quite willingly. However, this indisputable personalism leans on the *municipalism* that could be traced back to the first years of the colony. Hence its naturalness. Hence the futility of every "re-colonizing" movement, such as Portugal later attempted, after September 7, 1822. Hence the stable, permanent, logical, unavoidable character of this "personal," from-above movement, which nevertheless was not arbitrary or improvised.

In our independence, personal factors were more influential than any others. The fact that independence was achieved by the existing institutions themselves explains why the imperial regime should have remained in power for half a century afterward—as a matter of fact, it was an eminently democratic regime, called a "crowned democracy" by the famous Argentine statesman and writer Bartolomé Mitre. Our independence is quite in keeping with two distinctly characteristic features of the Brazilian people: our nearness to the Old World, and our temperamental gentleness.

We are perhaps the most European of all the American countries. We are perhaps the least epic and the most lyrical of the American peoples. Our typically Brazilian colonial development—segregated from any contact with the Spanish and English colonies, united under an



With independence Brazil grew into important, progressive nation. Rio de Janeiro, one of world's great cities, is hub of Republic.

authoritarian and centralized government, naturally unified by geopolitical conditions—led us historically to a more intimate political, cultural, and temperamental nearness to Europe than to the American continent itself. We have always been much closer to Lisbon and later to Paris than to Washington, Santiago, or even Montevideo. Our whole intellectual, political, social, and economic development was naturally European. We achieved "Americanism" by an intellectual process. Our "Europeanism" is a temperamental inclination. Joaquim Nabuco [see "Brazil's Great American," *AMERICAS*, October 1949], incidentally, is the man who in my opinion most typically represents Brazilian civilization. Nabuco was a European at heart and in mind, a European who became an Americanist thanks to his historical discernment and his powers of social observation.

Since as a nation we are essentially European in cultural affinity, political tradition, and personal kinship,



Early Brazilian history was marked by invasions like this one by the Dutch in 1648, resisted successfully by Pernambucan patriots

we can contribute a most appropriate note to the whole American community in connection with that third, recently-entered phase mentioned above: the *universalist* phase. These traits have strongly marked our nationality since independence (with, for instance, the development of the court, of parliamentary institutions, of aristocracy—however ephemeral it may have been—of the Emperor himself, of French influence in our literature, English in our economy, German in our ideas). Yet these examples of "Europeanism" do not indicate isolation or a clash with the rest of the Continent. They are a consonant though polyphonic sound in the symphony of the Hemisphere. Such traits did not prevent our independence—though achieved, contrary to what happened in all the other American countries, without the suppression of monarchical institutions—from crowning a popular and institutional uprising (like that of the city councils all over the country) of an essentially democratic nature, and therefore a movement from below.

As for the psychological features of our Brazilian humanism—docility and civility—they also strongly affected our independence—and our political evolution. This evolution is marked by three main dates: 1822, 1889, and 1930, crucial moments in the history of our

political institutions and, simultaneously, of our total development. The first recalls independence, and therefore a break with the colonial regime. The second, the Republic, and therefore a break with the imperial regime. The third recalls the New Republic, and therefore a break with the First Republic.

These three decisive moments in our history, these three turning points, at each of which Brazil took new paths in her collective and continental life, were reached without bloodshed. Some see in this fact one of the worst mistakes in our history. Eminent sociologists and writers, like Jackson de Figueiredo and Mário de Andrade, though from completely different political viewpoints, both see in our "horror of blood" one of the causes of our national ills—latent anarchy, confusion, what Figueiredo called the "indefiniteness of all values" and what Andrade called "lack of character."

I do not think so. I believe that that is precisely one of the most likeable characteristics of our humanism. The faults we have, the mistakes we have made, our deficiencies and our failures exist despite this quality and not because of it. It is one of the most typical features of our psychology and a basic element in our political make-up. We are naturally disinclined toward violent solutions; on the contrary, we are by nature inclined toward peaceful settlement, agreements, compromises, balance of power, arbitration, diplomacy, and dialectics. Hence, for instance, our great tradition in diplomacy, which we have enjoyed from the days of the Empire, and which we must defend with tooth and nail, as the saying goes (actually, if we are to be logical, *without* tooth and *without* nail), using it to cope with the dilemma facing this world of 1951: Peace or War. We are naturally peaceful by personal temperament and by political tradition, and we are meant to collaborate vigorously in the task of pacifying the belligerent world in which we find ourselves in the twentieth century.

Along with the common traits of the independence of other peoples—the break with the mother country; separation of history into two sectors, the colonial and the national; collaboration of personal, institutional, and popular elements in its development—Brazilian independence also has its own special characteristics: the hierarchical feeling; the preservation of existing institutions; the predominance of personal elements over the collective; Emperor Pedro I's quixotic nature, complementing the academic, classic, and cold nature of José Bonifácio; and, last but not least, the peaceful trait of civility and the absence of bloodshed. Our independence was achieved, rather than conquered; achieved through evolution rather than revolution; a peaceful, not a bloody uprising; a lyrical and not an epic movement; civilian, not military.

The feeling aroused in our Brazilian soul by the month of September is endowed with a sweetness, a poetic quality, a serenity, a lyrical happiness, that are in sharp contrast with the electrified, threatening, grim, and pragmatic atmosphere in which we live today. We have, therefore, a message for the tragic moment and the violent world in which Providence has placed our generation.

PERU goes fishing

*"Rediscovery" of
the Humboldt Current
yields rich new food source*

*Fishermen shove off from small bay north of Huarney. This area
furnishes much of Lima's supply of fresh fish*



Michael Scully

AN AGILE YOUNG PERUVIAN Indian called Paco made \$260 in a recent month while having the kind of fun for which Florida-going millionaires pay sixty dollars a day. He was harpooning swordfish from the arrowlike bowsprit of a thirty-foot launch off the northern coast of Peru. That \$260 was fantastic money for Paco. Five years ago even a tenth as much pay would have been unbelievable.

As a harpooner Paco is an aristocrat of the fishing trade. Also he is a major beneficiary of an inestimable treasure that nature has been laying up for several eons along three thousand miles of South America's west coast. From Talcahuano, Chile, to Ecuador's Galápagos Islands, this area has suddenly become the great new fishing grounds of the world.

Other beneficiaries are millions of South and North Americans. Last year most of the United States' 139,000,000 pounds of tuna were caught in these waters, frozen, and shipped to California for packing. More than eighteen million cans of South American-packed bonito, a delectable fish new to most people in the United States, were sold here. Along with these came five thousand tons of frozen swordfish and lesser lots of other species.

This new inter-American industry has made jobs in South America for some thirty thousand fishermen, cannery-workers, and boat-builders—not to mention its importance to the owners of seventy canneries, and to U.S. seamen, ship-operators, and manufacturers of cans, marine engines, and freezing equipment. But the mass beneficiaries are the coastal people of Peru and Chile



Vessel under construction on Peruvian coast. Modernization of fishing fleet has lagged behind improvement of canning methods

who for the first time are getting an adequate protein-rich diet at low cost.

This fortune in seafood is the result of an amazing process that began before the history of man. From the massive Andes mountains that rise within sight of the coast, dozens of rivers carry huge loads of life-giving nitrates and phosphates into the Pacific. But, instead of settling and being lost, these elements are constantly stirred to the surface by the swift, cold Humboldt Current that sweeps up from the Antarctic, hugging the coasts of Chile and Peru until it swerves westward off Ecuador to wash the Galápagos Islands.

Sunlight working on this chemical-laden surface water breeds phytoplankton, floating vegetation so tiny as to be invisible. This is the food of zooplankton, the microscopic animal life with which these waters teem. Zooplankton in turn feeds billions of anchovies and sardines—and they, with other small fish, are the prey of hordes of their larger fellows ranging from the six-to-eight-pound bonito to swordfish that average five hundred pounds. This process by which the Andean minerals reach the denizens of the Pacific results in fish as hardy and rich in proteins, calcium, iodine, and vitamins as any to be found around the globe. The average protein content of 20 per cent is higher than that of beef.

No one will know the full possibilities of the Humboldt Current until a marine biological laboratory now being



FAO's Mogens Jul and Director of Fisheries Captain Juan Bell-Taylor watch day's catch landed at Callao

built on the Peruvian coast can make long-term studies. While the current itself is only 20 to 30 miles wide along the coast, it is impossible to bound the area influenced by its life-making activities, especially after it turns westward. But twenty-three species and five hundred million pounds of fish were taken last year in big numbers. These included corvina (a drum type), regarded in Peru as the ocean's greatest delicacy; machete, a six-inch herring that, packed in tomato sauce, is winning a wide market; a half-dozen members of the tuna-mackerel family; pom-

Fishermen make bonito net. Factory is replacing this tedious method, which takes three days



pano, sea bass, silversides, and others. There are anchovies and sardines by the billions, but only two or three canneries bother with such tiny, hard-to-handle products. The general attitude is that anything under six inches is best used as fish food.

Curiously, this Humboldt fish-mine is not a discovery but a rediscovery. A thousand years ago, Indians of the highly efficient Inca empire worked these waters, guided by great flights of guanay birds. The birds, as they do today, would suddenly hover, then plummet deep under water in pursuit of the feckless anchovy. And where there were anchovies, the Indians knew, there were also bigger fish. Tons of seafood were dried and salted ashore, then carried hundreds of miles up the Andes to the city of Cuzco. There were even teams of relay runners who delivered choice fresh fish packed in seaweed to the emperor and his court.

But the conquering Spaniards, obsessed by the lure of gold and silver, ignored the sea's riches. Indians were herded into mines and for four centuries, except for a few scattered, primitive boats, the treasure of the Humboldt Current was forgotten. In recent times lack of fast transportation and freezing and canning facilities discouraged fish consumption in Peru and Chile, and, so long as the United States' fish supply was adequate, there was no big foreign market to promote a canning industry.

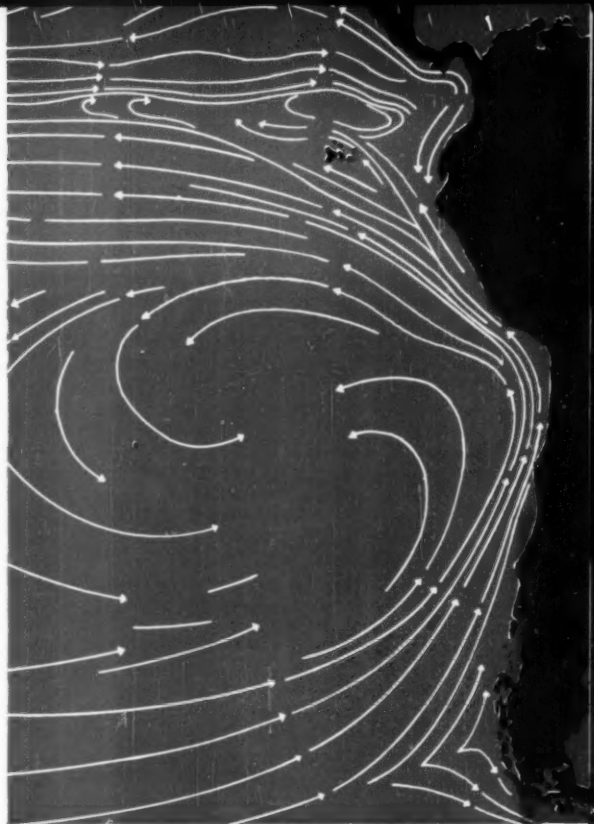
World War II changed all that. Skyrocketing meat prices sent housewives on a nation-wide fish hunt. But they found that U.S. fishermen and boats had gone into naval service, that fish was no longer coming in from Japan. Result: fish practically disappeared from grocery shelves.

Cut off from Europe, Peru and Chile needed more trade with the United States. They needed machines and technical help to build domestic industries. Peru especially, with its supply of Argentine meat cut short by war conditions, needed more proteins in its diet. The result was a bright example of inter-American cooperation.

The United States sent marine scientists, cannery experts from the west coast, machinery, and ships; Peru provided the raw material, fishing and labor forces. Private capital, now approximating seventeen million dollars, came equally from both countries. This intelligent combination of assets has changed life all along South America's western coastline.

Today more than three thousand fishing craft are operated from Peruvian ports by some eight thousand fishermen. Supplying the domestic market as well as forty-nine canneries, these provide jobs for another seven thousand workers ashore—cannery hands, dock laborers, boat builders, fish vendors, truck drivers—and support at least sixty thousand people.

Fishery boomtowns have sprung up. Mancora, on the northern Peruvian coast, home port of the highly paid swordfishermen, was a dusty adobe village of some two hundred people five years ago. Now, although it has no cannery—swordfish are sold at sea to big refrigerator ships from U.S. ports—its population has passed four thousand. Far to the south, two modern canneries have doubled the size of the once-drowsy town of Ilo. In Lima,



Cold Humboldt current, named after German naturalist-explorer, flows north along coasts of Chile, Peru, bringing fortune in fish

a block-long, refrigerated fish terminal, the center for wholesale distribution, has been built. With a capacity of 120 tons, it has its own ice plant and sanitary inspectors, always on duty.

Here you get the clearest idea of what the Humboldt Current now means to Peruvians. Ten years ago hardly a ton of fish a day was eaten in greater Lima. There was so little refrigeration or sanitation in the markets that fish always was suspect. Today's consumption is forty tons daily. For a country that must import three fourths of its meat at high prices this new source of protein is a godsend. Families who could rarely afford meat of any kind now can buy bonito at one fourth the price of beef. While refrigerated equipment for hauling fresh fish inland still is lacking, the sale of canned seafood is mounting rapidly in Arequipa, Cuzco, and other mountain communities.

Chile has not kept pace with Peru's export trade, but, because four fifths of its population is within a short distance of the sea, it has benefited even more from the diet standpoint. Ecuador's gains, on the other hand, are largely monetary. U.S. tuna clippers working the Galapagos waters pay a fishing tax that, depending on their

(Continued on page 42)



Saint's banner decorates St. Peter's Basilica for Holy Year ceremony

a Bolivian abroad

Yolanda Bedregal

**A recently returned traveler
reports on what Europeans are
like—and what they think of us**

DEAR FRIEND:

I've just received your letter in which, knowing I'm home from Europe, you ask for my impressions. I must begin by confessing that man's capacity for assimilation is very limited, and that whatever I say should be taken as incomplete—sincere, of course, but, after all, subjective. Don't believe people who tell you after a five-month tour that they know a country, much less a large slice of a continent. Spending most of our lives in our own town hardly gives us the right to say we know it thoroughly. You'd need four seasons in each city to be able to assert timidly that you recognized its distinctive profile. So I shall limit myself to telling you a little about Europe; how America looked to me from there and how we appear to the Europeans I spoke to—all of which is inspired by conversations with ordinary people and the chance details of a journey (chance is always significant); and something about the treatment I received as an American in various places. You'll say: "Everyone tells of the fair according to how it went for him." I went in an impartial spirit, and if I speak better of one than another, it is because it was a good fair.

For you, for me, for every American, to visit Europe has always been a cherished desire. Those who are pessimistic about America expect to find a cultural paradise; those who are pessimistic about Europe hope to prove the collapse and hunger of the Old Continent and the splendor of our own. Among the former are the Francophile devotees of Baudelaire, Gide, or Sartre; the Nazi-Fascist remnants; the friends of Chesterton or Wilde; the Picasso enthusiasts. Among the latter are those who believe American culture was spontaneously generated, the indigenists, the Indo-Americanists, and a lot of young iconoclasts. For both a trip to Europe is beneficial: America is but recently begun, and Europe is not *kaputt*. True, it is suffering, anxious, and impoverished. We are still healthy—anxious too, beyond question—and we enjoy a well-being that we cannot evaluate or profit by so long as we do not establish comparisons.

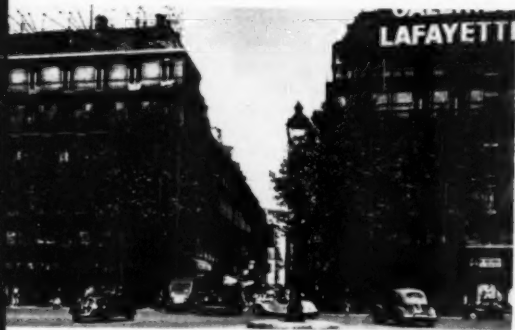
You ask me to sum up my feelings in two words. This is beginning at the end, but here they are: admiration and sadness. There is such beauty, such evocation in the cities, in the eternal rivers, whose names we've known



Big Ben on tower of London's Houses of Parliament. Author Bedregal found the English the best hosts



Florence is living museum of Renaissance art. Goldsmiths' shops line ancient Ponte Vecchio



Author saw little interest in American countries in Paris, now celebrating its two-thousandth year



since childhood; there is such an imprint of humanity at every step as we inhabitants of almost infant lands can scarcely imagine. Do you remember how moved we were by Incaic Cuzco, colonial Potosí, how stirred by Tiahuanaco and Machu Picchu? Then think of the tens of times these emotions are repeated in every city in Europe! Sometimes I felt simply overwhelmed by the artistic and human intensity. Walled Avila with its eighty-eight turrets and towers there in La Mancha, where the shadow of the Quixote who still rides over our arid tablelands lengthens; the Alhambra, pattern for so much Moorish ornamentation in Mexico, Quito, Arequipa, Chuquisaca; Toledo, the city of frozen flame like El Greco's vision, recalling our evening strolls through the narrow little streets near our massive *Casa de la Moneda*; snow-shrouded Brujas with its mystic silence ever since Columbus found new routes; Florence, with its ethereal, fragile, spiritual madonnas, so unlike our dark, static, or sensual virgins; Assisi, held back in time as if by a miracle of St. Francis, our humble brother who is present in every American village; Oxford, gray under the fog of centuries, where the codices were being studied while the Incas still recorded history on *quipus*.

Sadness. The infinite sadness of man. So many lives given over to finishing a belfry or a cathedral spire; so many creative geniuses, such multitudes anonymously raising coliseums, basilicas, universities, writing books, carving statues—and all this exposed to the impact of a not-unthinkable bomb. And most of the people in the same misery, the same fear, as ever.

I'm getting sentimental, and I hate sentimentality—it's sterile and vulgar. To answer your questions, I prefer to clip paragraphs at random from letters I wrote while my impressions were fresh. Here they are.

In which I relate my first impressions to my family

. . . It's ten days since I left La Paz. People won't believe we live nearly twelve thousand feet above sea level and that, even so, the city is only a hollow in the folds of the Andes. The four-day train trip to Buenos Aires was not prolonged, as it usually is, by landslides, rains, or strikes. The Argentine capital, third largest city in the Americas, crushes me with its enormous buildings, astonishes me with the elegance of its women and the polish of its men, with its political atmosphere. I have no time. With labels affixed to my suitcases, my portfolios, my lapel, I head for the plane. My vicuña coat and brilliant Indian handbag are more successful among the passengers than my verses.

. . . I'm beginning to forget the fatigues of banks, consulates, and police stations, and the possible "Come back tomorrow." The Bolivian authorities are deferential toward writers; this does them honor. Without this generosity I think I might still be in La Paz. I wasn't bothered going through customs. The idea of having to open my bags had horrified me, not because I had anything to hide but for fear my patient, mathematical arrangements would be upset and my books scattered all over the floor.

Bolivian poet attended meeting in "grandmother's house" (Madrid), located writers in favorite cafés

... The flight over the ascetic majesty of the Bolivian *altiplano*, the undulating Argentine pampa, the broad Uruguayan beaches encircling the muddy Río de la Plata, the fascinating Brazilian forests, has led me to think that the landscape of America is less landscape than geology, in cosmic unity from the spinal column of the Andes to the widespread arms of the Amazonian rivers. In the varied aspects of this still-untamed nature there is primitive, savage power. Its immensity overcomes man. Yet man also shares in this unity. The hermetic, austere Indian of the Andean tablelands; the horizon-drinking gaucho; the charming, adaptable mulatto of the tropics—all have a powerfully American common denominator.

Lisbon, crucible of mariners' yearnings toward the New World, flashes its toylike beauty at us in the tiles of its streets. . . .

In which I speak of "grandmother's house"

... This is what one of our best novelists called Madrid, remember? Seven o'clock in the evening: the broad daylight of late summer, a charmingly provincial air. The schedule of meals—breakfast from ten on, lunch at three, dinner at ten—makes it impossible, more than among us, to carry out good intentions. With a friend, we take our ritual departure for the café. The café is one of the pleasantest of institutions. It hasn't the international-tourist atmosphere of French cafés; it is more an extension of the home. There you chat, discussing politics, the theater, bullfighting. From behind a cup of



In Salamanca, Spain, delegates from Europe and America enjoyed performance of local dances

some evil, unidentifiable concoction emerge good literature and gossip. When you don't find a person in his office or at home, you ask which café to try. One day I had to run down the director of an atheneum; I filled a whole sheet of paper with the telephone numbers of various offices and cafés which were given to me to find the man I was looking for. Here, it seems, perhaps oftener than in South America, one person occupies four or five jobs at a time. Can this be why nothing is accomplished in these countries with the efficiency and precision of places where there is job specialization?

In which I tell what I hear about America

... At the Congress of Intellectual Cooperation in Madrid early in October, to which I was invited, as you know, I heard wise and brilliant speeches by Spaniards, Hollanders, Italians, and Americans, on the idea of Europe, the idea of America, the mission of Spanish America. The subjects ranged from "American Byzantinism" to practical aspects of cooperation. The oratory bordered on the confusing, especially to us half-Indians accustomed to speaking low and timidly. I was struck by the quantity of flattery the Peninsulars toss at one another; this so rarely happens with writers in our countries, and never in their presence.

... I gather that intellectuals and leaders look very hopefully toward the Spanish American peoples. Spain no longer wants to feel like a mother but like an older sister to our countries. Is it that, feminine as she is, she doesn't want her age told? She feels sympathy, even love, for them, but it's a family kind of love that blends pride, contempt, and envy—the kind bestowed on a relative once subjected and now free and rich. We should ask ourselves whether we have understood and justified the Conquest, and they the emancipation. They feel a rightful pride in having bequeathed us language and religion. Scorn, because they consider us improvised, incapable of giving the world a hero, a saint, a genius, not realizing that we come of a culture they had drained, that our four centuries of contact with European patterns are little, and our century of republican life nothing. Envy, because they see us acquiring stature and personality of our own. But, in any case, it is love for Spanish America; not for the United States, toward which they feel an ill-concealed animosity because of the high standard of living of those "overgrown children," their wealth, their tenacity—in a word, because of everything the Spanish lack; which, in turn, they consider of small worth, holding fast to the glory of their ancient culture.

... I never ceased to be amused by the efforts of the Spanish Americans to dust off and polish up figures half-forgotten until now. Bolívar, Rubén Darío, and St. Rose of Lima weren't enough—they had to dazzle the 240 delegates with names and more names, poets and more poets, saints and more saints.

... I know you'll be interested in the less elaborate concept of America held by the man in the street. Here are some very simple but significant items: A white-collar worker in Barcelona who voluntarily accompanied me on my outings said: "You must excuse how little we know of America. Colombia and Bolivia sound alike to me. We're interested in working conditions on the other side. Here you can't get along. I know Bolivia had a frontier war with Uruguay." "With Paraguay," I corrected, drawing a map on the ground. An Andalusian worker said: "The only thing I know about your country is that you don't put up with those who take away your freedom." Another time, from an elegant lady: "Bolivia must be a savage country—it hangs Presidents and produces tin for the Yankees." I had to explain to her the

(Continued on page 30)

new words or old?

Congress of Spanish Language Academies
meets in Mexico to decide how to say it

Rafael Heliodoro Valle



President Miguel Alemán (left) greets Alejandro Quijano, President of Mexican Academy, at opening of Language Academies Congress

"TODAY WE HONOR the memory of Cervantes, and in a way, since he did more than anyone else to enrich Spanish with popular expressions and idioms, he is present at this gathering of the representatives of our peoples' language. His presence here is natural, and no one could keep him away."

These words were spoken by President Miguel Alemán of Mexico at the opening session of the First Congress of Spanish Language Academies in Mexico City on April 22. The voice of the President evoking Cervantes seemed to fulfill a wish the latter once expressed to the King of Spain for a modest post in one of the American cities he dreamed of. For the real Spanish empire survives, with Cervantes still emperor of the Spanish language. That language has a "diamond purity," according to President Alemán, "that has resisted the changes of time, latitude, and customs, and its many facets reflect with the brilliance of a diamond the richness of our peoples."

This meeting was significant for Mexico, which called it and acted as host country, and for all Spanish America, as it was a gathering of top-flight writers unprecedented in any Spanish-speaking nation. Mexico had the privilege of receiving visitors from nineteen countries—including the Philippines—who, disregarding any political or esthetic differences, met for friendly discussion of mutual

problems that have been a source of worry ever since the colonies separated from Spain.

On the first day the delegates were also addressed by able Alejandro Quijano, president of the Mexican Academy, who faithfully carried out President Alemán's wishes in organizing the congress and was named its chairman; and by the Reverend Félix Restrepo, who spoke eloquently in the name of the Colombian delegation.

Sr. Quijano counseled: "... So that the language may grow with a minimum of corruption ... Academy members must keep in contact with the people, constantly teaching abusers in the voice of a friend—the best listened-to of all voices—the proper use of the Spanish tongue."

"... There was a time," said Dr. Restrepo, "when men of vision feared the unity of our language would be destroyed, just as centuries before imperial Latin had splintered into a score of Romance languages. Possibly, thanks to your vigilance, this danger has lessened considerably, and in these meetings we must try to diminish it even further. Any language spoken over a broad expanse of territory carries the germs of variation within itself; but, on the other hand, modern technology has brought peoples much closer together, and has given languages new methods of remaining intact. Languages are subdivided in the course of centuries when the groups speaking them are isolated from one another. But who can isolate himself in this twentieth century, era of the airplane, the telegraph, the press, and the radio?"

At noon that day, at a banquet in the Casino Militar, President Alemán was elected a corresponding member of the Mexican Academy, and poet Carlos Pellicer magnificently recited Rubén Darío's *Salutación del Optimista* (*Greeting of the Optimist*). Thus one of the major re-

Comida Académica POR FREYRE



Cartoonist Freyre pictures academicians' banquet:
"What's the next course?"—"Spanish tongue"

—¿Cuál platillo sigue?
—Lengua a la española.

formers of our language was unanimously placed among the classics. "From horrible blasphemies, from the academies, deliver us," Dario had exclaimed in his *Letania a Don Quijote* (*Litany to Don Quixote*). For Dario rebelled against certain rules that bound the language as if it were a mummy. Today there are many who share this feeling and, if he were still alive, would urge him to continue working for reform.

The dilemma language faces was pointed out by Luis Garrido, rector of the University of Mexico, at a reception offered the delegates by the university faculty: "The world we live in is undergoing grave social and economic changes and undoubtedly requires new words for its industrial skills, its philosophy, and its political activities.



Relaxing conferees, left to right, are publisher José González Porto and writers Flavio Herrera, Carlos Sabat Encasty, Rafael Heliodoro Valle, Emilio Oribe

But modern vocabularies must respond not only to the needs of the practical writer, but to those of the true artist. This is why the classics are not dead; studying them gives us that touch of elegance and good taste." Human capacities, added Cuban delegate Medardo Vitier, must enter into any consideration of philological, lexicographic, and grammatical questions. He saluted the universities of Lima and Mexico, the first founded on the American mainland, which opened their doors when the noise of the conquistador's guns had scarcely died away. The author of this article, representing the OAS Council, spoke on the same occasion.

The congress worked through five committees—on unity and preservation of the Spanish language; on grammatical problems; on lexicological problems; on planning and general resolutions; and on inter-academy cooperation.

The Spanish delegation's failure to attend led the famous Mexican writer Martín Luis Guzmán to move that the American and Philippine academies separate from that of Spain. Emilio Oribe, the delegate from Uruguay, whose academy is not affiliated with Spain's, commented: "I do not believe that academies control the literary trends of nations. In my opinion, the people, source of the language, play the major role, then come the writers, and, finally, the academicians. But the proposal under consideration could become the point of

departure for a linguistic independence movement in America." Earlier Dr. Vitier had said in a speech at the university: "We are neither Indians nor Spaniards; we are Spanish Americans. . . . We have not received passively the language we speak; it is our heritage, and we have the right and duty to enrich it." He listed the men who have done most in this respect: Andrés Bello, Domingo F. Sarmiento, Juan Montalvo, José Enrique Rodó, Rubén Darío, José Martí, and Justo Sierra.

General Joaquín Bonilla, delegate from Honduras, also had something to say on Guzmán's motion: "The future of the language," he declared, "is in America. When, in the name of the Royal Academy, Manuel Aznar swore in the corresponding members from my country, he pointed out that Spain had done all it was capable of doing, that the growth of Spanish has been entrusted to the American peoples. This, of course, is logical. The Americas are progressing steadily, and their creative vigor is constantly being renewed. New words are perennially being created to name scientific and technological inventions. As a result, a federation of American academies is indicated, but I think every effort should be made to get the Royal Academy to join it."

Germán Arciniegas' comment was: "The fundamental problem of the language stems from the fact that people speak it, and three quarters of all those who speak it live in the Americas."

After heated discussion, the congress agreed not to act on this proposal. Two important considerations determined the attitude of most of the delegates: first, one of the fundamental purposes of the congress was "the unity of the language," and second, those attending were only representing the academies, which had not authorized them to change the statute requiring their affiliation with the one in Spain.

In spite of this decision, the congress voted to support a resolution calling for publication of a Dictionary of Americanisms and another of Philippinisms. Philippine delegate Jorge Bocobo announced that after fifty years of United States control, the Spanish language is sick and dying in his homeland and needs to be revived.

The congress provided for a permanent committee, made up of representatives from the Spanish, Mexican, and two other American academies (membership will rotate annually), which will carry out certain technical projects and implement some of the resolutions adopted. The Government of Mexico will finance the work of the committee until the second congress is held.

It was recommended that a Puerto Rican Academy of Language be established. As Cuban delegate Juan J. Remos pointed out, the island's many outstanding writers have built up a rich body of literature in Spanish.

Another decision involved the spelling of "Mexico." Yielding to popular usage over the course of a century, the congress gave its official blessing to writing it with an x instead of a j.

The congress enthusiastically endorsed next fall's celebration of the third centenary of the Mexican poet-nun Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz and paid tribute to outstanding literary figures like Rufino J. Cuervo, Rodó,

Montalvo, and Enrique González Martínez. It expressed the hope that Cuervo's monumental *Diccionario del Régimen y Construcción del Idioma Español* (*Dictionary of the Rules and Construction of the Spanish Language*) will be speedily completed and published for the benefit of the whole Spanish-speaking world. The gathering thus honored the greatest philological authority in Hispanic America. His volume is to be financed—under three pending inter-American agreements—by the Spanish American governments.

At the closing session, Mexican philosopher José Vas-



Mexican delegates included famed educator José Vasconcelos (left) and humanist Alfonso Reyes (below)



concelos delivered the keynote address with his usual frankness and polished style. "Our language," he said, "will be remembered by peoples everywhere as long as men exist, because it gave expression to the sublime ethics of Quixote. Some languages have been used for centuries by powerful or very numerous peoples, yet they have completely disappeared because those who spoke them left no first-class literature and discovered no universal truths. The descendants of those who conquered by force—the Persians, the Arabs, the Turks—usually found themselves forced to change their language as well as their political status when their turn came to fall before a greater power. Unhappy the nations that produce soldiers but no writers, whose statesmen cannot be poets. It is in the proving grounds of language that genius is needed most. No literacy campaign can replace the influence of the intellectual creator. Today we see the English language rapidly pervading the modern world. It could not do this if its men of letters had not produced exquisite poetry and prose that embraces all the disciplines of thought."

The way Spanish is being misused in the press, on the radio, and in the movies had been discussed during the congress, and delegates stressed the need to defend it against such abuse. These mediums can exert a positive influence on the language, as Vasconcelos pointed out: "In this period when great masses read the papers and listen to the radio every day, commentators and journalists are the most active agents of linguistic change. In the course of his everyday duties the journalist is con-

tinually coining and spreading felicitous phrases. In this way, the influence of a cultured press corrects the defects of careless speech; and the freedom and skill of the newspaper writers stimulate growth and brilliance of style.

"The widespread use of books is another factor that was unknown to the oldtime linguists. Humble farmers do not write books; they establish and preserve unwritten traditions. The privilege of owning dictionaries used to belong only to the learned; nowadays, wherever primary education and library services are well organized, the dictionary is within everyone's reach. More and more the tools of culture are falling into the hands of the public. This is raising the average educational level and has refined the language. It no longer originates among the ignorant because the people themselves have become literate. . . . The evolution of the language is in the hands of those who read and those who write, which increases the responsibility of the academies.

"The fact that there are no English language academies is often cited as an example of the uselessness of these organizations. But this is a superficial observation. Though the procedures are different than in Hispanic countries, there has been a scientific effort to purify and enrich the English language that has produced amazing results. What modern language has a monument of learning like Webster? This work is not a compilation of popular sayings; quite the contrary, it is a lexicon of scholarly definitions."

While the congress was meeting, the *Diccionario Enciclopédico Uteha* (*Uteha Encyclopedic Dictionary*) appeared after fourteen years of labor. Unrivaled in Spanish America, this is an intellectual achievement of which Mexico can well be proud. The committee that prepared it was headed by Luis Doporto and included the Spanish humanistic scholar and writer Agustín Millares Carlo, who worked on the etymological aspects.

Long and patient research went into completion of this volume, which brings together most of the words included in the Dictionary of the Spanish Language Academy and the compilations of Americanisms that have been made by Spanish American linguists. In honor of its appearance, José González Porto, publisher of the dictionary, was invited to address the delegates.

The importance of the congress is self-evident; it demonstrated clearly that in spite of their differences the American countries have more and more in common, thus helping to strengthen the bonds of friendship and increase their understanding of mutual problems. It pointed up the vital role of the language they all inherited as their most powerful cultural legacy for developing their common personality. Many of the men of letters who participated in the congress knew each other only through their works or by reputation. At the meeting they became personally acquainted and conversed like old friends. This was the real accomplishment of the congress. It brought together a large number of men who work in the interests of culture, inspiring them to even greater efforts in these difficult times when the traditional enemies of culture are working as never before to stir up differences among men.

PARA



Eastern Paraguay has country's best agriculture, most of its people. These strip crops are lemon grass, beans, with shocks of peanuts

Pablo Max Ynsfran

WHEN YOU LOOK AT A MAP of South America, it may strike you as surprising that Paraguay should be an independent political unit in the midst, and in a way at the mercy, of huge neighbors isolating it geographically from the rest of the world. There are many small countries in Spanish America—indeed most of them are small. Of these, however, all except Paraguay have a good stretch of sea coast. Landlocked Bolivia falls into a different category because of its size. Only Paraguay suffers the double disadvantage of smallness and lack of a coastline, and still it has managed to survive as an autonomous republic.

The country's very survival has given Paraguay a character of its own, demonstrating the ability to maintain and consolidate itself in the face of adversity. Paraguay was able to create a personality for itself as a nation where this might have seemed impossible; moreover, it has a historical personality—that is, permanently rooted, not the result of fortuitous circumstances. So despite oppressive geographical factors, the country lives on as an irrevocable historical fact.

Consequently, Paraguay became a reality more by the work of history than for geographic, economic, or social

reasons. And that history began by upsetting the natural course expected of it, with the selection of Paraguay as the center of colonization for the Río de la Plata region. The Plata basin was colonized from Paraguay down toward the ocean, when presumably, since the colonizers arrived on the ocean side, it should have been the other way around. This anomaly was not repeated anywhere else in America.

The explanation is to be found in the Spaniards' disastrous first attempt to gain a foothold in that basin. The outlet of the Río de la Plata estuary is through the pampa, a vast, completely flat plain stretching over some 230,000 square miles. Before the coming of the white man, there were no trees on the pampa; it was like a sea of humus and sand, where the unprepared traveler could get lost as easily as on the ocean itself. Nor were there wild animals of any food value for man. The human population was made up of certain nomadic Indian tribes with very little inclination for dealing peacefully with strangers. On these shores in 1536 the noble gentleman Don Pedro de Mendoza arrived at the head of an imposing expedition in which he had invested his whole fortune. He came in search of a fabulous silver

GUIYAY

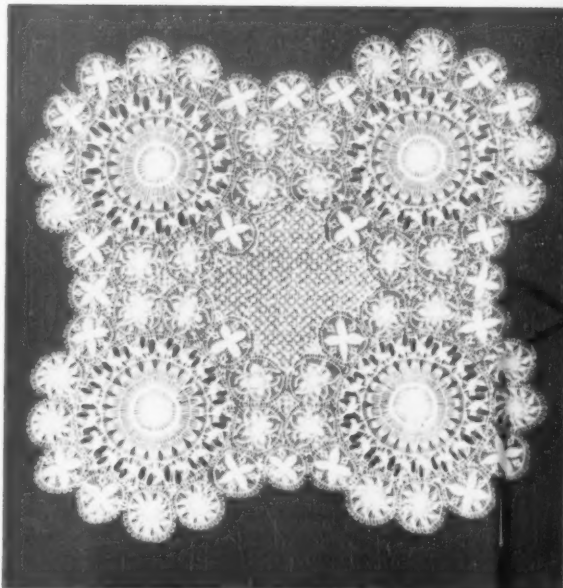
empire which, according to local legend, lay somewhere in the interior, probably toward the northwest. (It later turned out to be the Inca Empire.) Unfortunately, Don Pedro was too ill when he arrived to undertake the projected explorations himself. He ordered a small fort built on the muddy edge of the pampa, christening it *Nuestra Señora del Buen Aire*, and dispatched a party led by one of his lieutenants into the interior to begin the search. Because of his irritable temperament, Mendoza soon aroused the hostility of the Indians of the area. Meanwhile his health became worse, and he finally decided to leave the undertaking to his companions. He sailed for Spain, but died in the crossing.

Equally bad luck awaited the rest of the expedition. Its members were driven out of the fort of Buenos Aires (the modern plural form of the name) and took refuge on their ships to wait for the members of the party that had gone into the interior. The pampa was not yet ready to receive the Europeans.

The inland group explored the extensive river system of the Paraná and the Paraguay approximately as far as the nineteenth parallel, and the leader, Juan de Ayolas, went through the Chaco with some of his soldiers up to the very mountain of Potosí. But on the return trip they fell into an Indian ambush and all were slain. Those members of the party who had not made the ill-starred march to Potosí then decided to build a fort as a relief post on the long route covered by Ayolas. They chose a site on a bend of the Paraguay River, one of the most picturesque spots on its course, about halfway between the mouth of the Río de la Plata and the nineteenth parallel. Thus the city of Asunción del Paraguay was born in August 1537, the first stable Spanish post in the Plata region.

While this was going on in the north, the men who had remained in the Río de la Plata estuary were suffering terrible hardships. Their companions in Asunción found that place much more propitious: they were helped by docile Indians and were able to live easily off the land. So it seemed to them that the only thing to do was to abandon Buenos Aires. After the inevitable dispute over who should take command following Don Pedro's death, the victorious caudillo, Domingo de Irala, decided to bring all the survivors of Buenos Aires to Asunción. The pampa returned to its inhospitable primitive solitude, and Asunción became the seat of government. The nucleus for the colonization of the Río de la Plata was nine hundred miles from the coast: Spain gained a footing in the middle of the continent sooner than on the shore.

Thus Paraguay entered history as the first successful step in the campaign to civilize the extensive south Atlantic section of America. It was born, one might say,



Guarani Indians improved on Tenerife product to make famed ñanduti lace, ranking with world's finest

with a mission, and this was the origin of the country's strong national spirit. Since few women of their own race accompanied the Spaniards, they mixed with Paraguay's Indian women, producing the mestizo stock that forms the base of the population today. The local Indians were Guaranis, who had come from Brazil. Along with the Paraguayan mestizos, the Spanish fathers explored and settled the Río de la Plata basin. In fact, the mestizos founded Buenos Aires the second time, in 1580. And it was they who laid the foundations of Santa Fe, Corrientes, and many lesser towns.

The re-establishment of Buenos Aires, motivated by the need for a port on the ocean, helped undermine the predominance of Paraguay. For a time there were parallel governments in the two cities. Then geography asserted itself, and the center of gravity shifted. Buenos Aires became the focal point of active commerce and exercised (as it still does) a strong magnetic attraction over the interior. And Asunción del Paraguay, which at the start was the administrative head of all the Río de la Plata region (and still more, for, at least theoretically, its jurisdiction extended to the Amazon on the north and to Patagonia on the south), fell to a secondary place. Inevitably, when the Viceroyalty of the Río de la Plata was created in the second half of the eighteenth century,

Buenos Aires became its capital, while Paraguayan territory receded toward the banks of the two great rivers that bathe it.

But Paraguay preserved the tradition of its colonizing saga. With the uprising against Spain in 1810, Paraguay and Buenos Aires distinguished themselves as the two segments of the Río de la Plata scene with the most individual personalities. That uprising, naturally, did not seek the disintegration of the old vicerealty but emancipation of the whole without damaging its original structure. But the political inexperience of the revolutionary leaders and the confusion about the meaning of this break led to interminable, bloody anarchy, from which only Paraguay was able to escape by withdrawing into itself. It separated from the sister provinces, to resume contact thirty years later as the republic of Paraguay.

The country lies astride the Tropic of Capricorn, the northern third in the tropics, the rest in the temperate zone. In general, the climate is subtropical, but there is a marked difference between summer and winter temperatures. From October through March the heat is severe, though not continuous; gusts of pampean winds from the south will suddenly break it. The other six months are calm and fresh, with spells of cold occasionally bringing freezing temperatures. Frost is frequent in winter, but, as in the rest of the Plata region, it never snows.

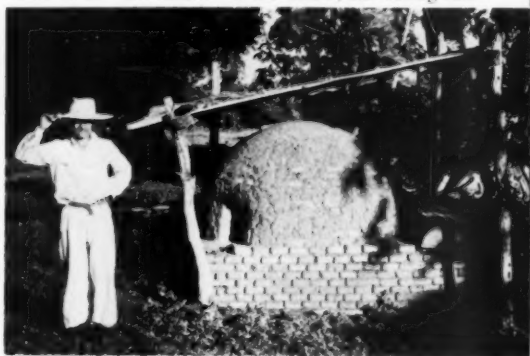
The Paraguay River, running from north to south, divides the country in two geologically and even ecologically: the so-called eastern region, formerly known as Guairá, and the western region or Chaco. Natural conditions combine to make the eastern region—the cradle of Paraguay proper—exceptionally attractive. Despite the fertility of its soil, the Chaco seems unsociable beyond the shores of the river and suffers the

Paraguayan hardwood, quebracho, or "axe-breaker," is source of tannin



serious disadvantage of lacking permanent water sources. A northerly prolongation of the pampa, the Chaco likewise is an uninterrupted plain, but unlike the southern portion is covered with stretches of low, spiny bushes (plus quebracho—found only in this region—and a few other trees the size of a live oak or elm). Sullenly, these bushes do not even offer the hospitality of shade. Often they rise from a dense carpet of sharp-pointed desert plants. So for a long time the only parts of the Chaco that were used were the shores of the rivers, which in many respects are like the land of the eastern region.

Only in the past twenty-five years has colonization of the interior been attempted, with the arrival of the Mennonites from Canada and southern Russia. In bold defiance of the inclemencies of the Chaco, this strong and



Paraguayans are a farming people: an outdoor oven on a small farm near Villarrica

enterprising pacifist Christian sect has founded flourishing colonies there as proof of what faith and intelligent effort can do. But the Chaco has always had a sixty-mile-wide fringe of prosperous cattle ranches and tannin factories (which extract the tanning material from the bark of the quebracho tree), and short railroad lines have been constructed.

In contrast to the Chaco, the eastern region where most of Paraguay's population lives is like an immense park crossed by rivers and streams, full of rolling hills and lovely views. The beauty of the landscape does not lie in grandiose proportions, as in the Andes or the Amazon basin, for example, but in the serene grace of moderate contours. In spring, the country from one end to the other is tinted by a multitude of flowers. Paraguay has no high mountains, but running east and west, beginning a little above Asunción and then following the Upper Paraná River, chains of massive hillocks surprise the traveler with ever-changing vistas. The forest is everywhere—on the hilltops, on the slopes, bordering the pastures or as islands within them—sweet-smelling, always impressive in its majesty, vibrant with sounds and echoes and the murmuring of streams, with its enormous trunks and the bits of blue sky showing through the foliage. Only in the far South, near the confluence of the Paraguay and Paraná Rivers, does the land turn into flat plains. At that point the marshlands begin. There are

swamps in other parts of the country, but not so extensive as those of the South.

The population is concentrated in the central district, fanning out to the southeast through the area known as the Cordillera. Here Paraguay entered the course of history, and here it remains—a situation that perhaps should be corrected, for other areas are as well or better endowed. This concentration is explained, however, by easy access to the Paraguay River, which provides the principal contact with the outside world.

The Spanish and Guaraní races fused so long ago and so thoroughly that today they constitute a single homogeneous stock. By 1827 the Swiss naturalists Rengger and Longchamps, who lived many years in Paraguay, could say: "The *criollos* [Paraguayans] should show something of the Indian in their features, but after cross-breeding with the Spaniards they have ended by showing almost no trace of that origin." The process of Europeanization has been visibly accentuated through immigration in the last seventy years. Although on a smaller scale in Paraguay than in Argentina and Uruguay, the flow of Europeans has been just as influential in transforming the Paraguayan population. We see evidence of this in the growing number of non-Spanish names, particularly Italian, and to a lesser degree, of other nationalities, including Germans and the peoples of Central Europe and the Mediterranean.

But the Guaraní Indians, uprooted as a cultural group in their own land, transmitted their tongue to the victorious white man, something no other conquered indigenous group has achieved. Paraguay's bilingualism is



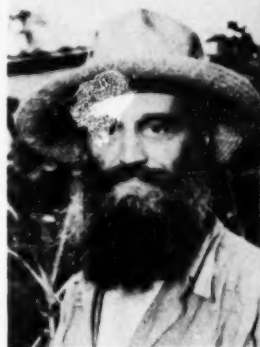
Seed for distribution to farmers is produced on this farm, which is a joint U. S.-Paraguayan Government project

a phenomenon that has recently attracted the attention of certain scholars in the United States. (See "Guaraní Spoken Here," by John McAdams, *AMERICAS*, July 1950, and "The Bilingualism of Paraguay," by Prof. Donald Fogelquist, *Hispania*, February 1950). Guaraní is also spoken in northern Argentina (Corrientes, Misiones, Chaco, and Formosa), but there it is restricted to a limited area, while in Paraguay it prevails throughout the country.

Like all indigenous languages of America, Guaraní belongs to the family of agglutinative languages, and of course there is an abyss between it and the Indo-European languages. The accommodation of Spanish and



Left: Paraguayans are industrious, hard-working, like this cheerful plowman on farm near Asunción



Right: parts of the country have been colonized by foreign settlers like this Mennonite farmer in San Bernardino, east of the capital

Guaraní to each other in Paraguay and northern Argentina follows certain rules. The rural people speak Guaraní more than Spanish, while the educated man of the cities uses it only in the privacy of his home. Since the indigenous speech is obviously declining, study centers have been established to rehabilitate it; even a Guaraní theater has been created.

This praiseworthy effort, of rather academic inspiration, may perhaps postpone the gradual deterioration of Guaraní, but it is very doubtful that it can restore much of its vigor. The impact of Spanish as the cultured

Cattle ranching is a prime factor in Paraguay's economy: cowboys gather in the corral





Port of Asunción: Paraguay, like Bolivia, is landlocked, but enjoys advantage of navigable river outlet

language is too powerful, and technology, for which the vernacular language naturally has no aptitude, is spreading too fast. Of course, the original language as spoken by the Guaranis when the Spaniards arrived in the sixteenth century underwent profound changes in the course of the years. Today it preserves the essentials of its syntax, but its vocabulary probably represents only a minute part of the primitive word supply. The Jesuit fathers who taught the catechism in Guaraní remade the language, or virtually so, to adapt it to their work, and many words that now pass as Guaraní were simply invented by the Jesuits on the basis of Guaraní roots. Following this first and insidious foreign inroad came the open invasion of Spanish words. So a perpetual struggle ceaselessly gnaws away at the heart of the language.

In 1845 one of the first North Americans to set foot in Paraguay wrote thus of its people: "They are simple, without affectation, extremely hospitable . . . perfectly prepared to defend their independence or lose their

lives." This brief and resounding judgment still has not lost its validity. The Paraguayan's outstanding characteristic is his modest simplicity combined with a hospitable cordiality permeating all social levels. The Paraguayan loves his land passionately, but without making a fuss about it. In his soul there is a certain stoicism; perhaps this is responsible for his calm attitude toward the vicissitudes of life. Those popular explosions that suddenly burst forth with the blind irrationality of infuriated masses are unknown in Paraguay. Even in civil wars, the Paraguayan is tenacious and brave, but never cruel. You might say that he obeys the dictates of a chivalrous law that keeps him from losing his composure.

Although impassive at first sight, he has an endless capacity for humor and sharp ingenuity. The embarrassing interruptions a rural Paraguayan makes to a politician's speech are as much to be feared as those of the



At the capital, porters solicit work from incoming river-boat passengers

most expert U.S. heckler. His sense of humor reveals the Spanish side of his nature, for the Indian is characteristically impassive.

Slender but strong, with extraordinary capacity for physical effort, the Paraguayan is a steady and assiduous worker. But he needs to modernize his working methods so his labor will be more productive. The country can aspire to happy and stable prosperity, without dreaming of spectacular riches. Perhaps this would be more in accordance with the national temperament, little inclined to excessive ambition. The Paraguayan of the educated classes differs little from the cultured man in other countries of Spanish origin, but he too has the extreme simplicity that is the psychological seal of the whole Paraguayan nation.

(Continued on page 46)





Parole, America— Countersign, Liberty

Mariano Picón-Salas

"PUBLIC RUMOUR has probably given you some information of a mysterious expedition, said to be fitting out at New York, under the auspices of a celebrated character. I have been persuaded by my friend Mr.—— to commit myself to the chances of an enterprise, at once extraordinary and dangerous; and to leave my own country once more, in hope of honour and its reward." These words were written in the first of a long series of letters to a friend at home by Second Lieutenant James Biggs, a young North American who sailed with Francisco de Miranda on the famous expedition of 1806. In later letters he told of Don Francisco's showing the men the new yellow, blue, and red flag of the republic he hoped to found, and of the crew's swearing to be faithful "to the free people of South America, independent of Spain, and to serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever, and to observe and obey the orders of the supreme government of that country legally appointed; and the orders of the general and officers. . . ."

Perhaps the new republic would be called "Colombeia" in honor of Christopher Columbus and of the dove, symbol of peace and wisdom. On February 14 Biggs recorded a general order issued by Miranda, assigning the volunteers the ranks they were to hold in his army and beginning with a prophetic password: "Parole, America—Countersign, Liberty." The ship was at 21.27 degrees north latitude and 64.3 degrees west longitude. The fierce and salty waves of the Caribbean near the

Mona Passage were pounding the *Leander's* bridge. And the impetuous Don Francisco was trying to build a disciplined military force out of a crew that was a strange assortment of races, languages, and trades. There were old butchers turned boatswains; sailors from Ireland, Sweden, France, and Poland; men from the taverns of Brooklyn and farms of Massachusetts and Vermont.

Miranda was an extraordinary person, raised on the kind of misfortunes and improbable circumstances that appear only in the old novels of chivalry. Relying on his "captivating deceptiousness," with no other resources than his own ability, persistence, and wisdom, this Venezuelan from the valley of Caracas traversed the whole civilized world; he was a companion of sovereigns and philosophers; he took part as a Spanish officer in the United States' Revolutionary War; he fought as a lieutenant general in the armies of the French Revolution, was thrown in prison, and escaped miraculously with his life; in short, he became one of the most fantastic and intriguing figures of his century.

"He excells all men that ever I have known, in colloquial eloquence and power of persuasion," wrote James Biggs. "He discovers a full mind, furnished with comprehensive and accurate information, improved by extensive reading, by travelling and observation. . . . Perhaps no man living can boast a more retentive memory. . . . It is evident enough, that he aims to sow in the minds of his followers, the seeds of heroical deeds; of liberty and revolution."

The youthful lieutenant set about recording everything that happened on the strange ship, under peril of being discovered, because he was romantically aware of the "new situation" and of the "variety of subjects and events" he would witness. When Biggs was twenty, the first heroic period of United States history had come to an end, and the military and naval exploits of Washington's day were being replaced by the financial exploits of the New York merchants. So the offer of a commission on a mysterious ship sailing for tropical seas came as the fulfillment of his frustrated longing for romantic adventure. Where were they going? To New Orleans, or Jamaica? Or much farther—to those "papist" Spanish islands subjugated by the Inquisition and the King of Spain? James Biggs did not know when he wrote those first letters, but when he went aboard the *Leander* with other young North Americans like Moses Smith and John Edsall, who were also to chronicle the strange adventure, he carried in his bundle of clothing some books that would stimulate his youthful passion for the unusual.

There is no limit to what human will power and determination can accomplish, Biggs had heard Don Francisco de Miranda say. "Cities are made neither by imperishable stones nor robust timbers nor artful walls," the general had said on another occasion. "But wherever there are men who know how to defend themselves by their own strength,—there are fortifications, there are illustrious cities!"

To accept life with its grandeur and its wretchedness, its corruption and its virtue, is a guiding principle for those who are not content with the purity of ideas because they want to transform them into facts. One purpose of Biggs' account was to portray, almost as in a novel, his motley and violent companions, some of whom had gone along in search of money and power, some to flee from established justice, some to look for a new justice. "In this small society," he wrote, "as a sprightly author observes of a great one, that of the city of London, 'there is a market for cunning' and I hope also 'an emporium for honesty,' but here as there

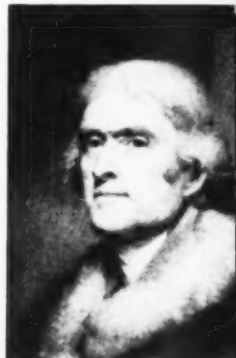
'Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves
Repose and fatten.'"

The dramatic part of Biggs' book begins February 5, 1806 on the high seas and ends November 30 of the same year on the island of Trinidad. He would never forget the events of the intervening ten months—the *Leander's* unequal battle with the Spanish ships that attacked it off Puerto Cabello, Venezuela; the Spaniards' capture of two other ships, the *Bacchus* and the *Bee*, whose officers—Billog, Powell, Gardner, and others—were later condemned to the gallows by the cruel authorities in the service of the King of Spain, while lesser ranking crew members were sent to rot in the fortress of Boca Chica near Cartagena, the Morro Castle in Puerto Rico, and Omoa prison in Honduras; and the desperation of Miranda as he visited the British islands of the Caribbean trying to rebuild his crippled fleet. Miranda dreamed of another impossible landing on the Venezuelan coast, but his cause was constantly prejudiced by that

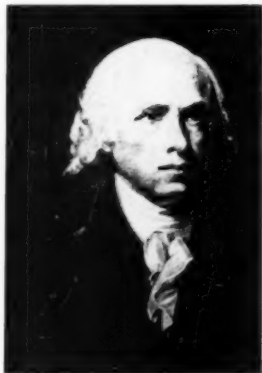


"He is about five feet ten," wrote Biggs of Miranda. "His limbs are well-proportioned. . . . His complexion is dark . . . and healthy."

Jefferson received Miranda, but avoided entanglement in his political plans



Secretary of State Madison explained U. S. attitude to Miranda



Col. William Smith was close friend of Miranda, helped finance and organize 1806 expedition

irregular group of men who did not share his enthusiasm for the freedom of South America.

Biggs' letters, published in Boston in 1808 by Edward Oliver under the title *The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to Effect a Revolution in South America*, have recently awakened new interest as a result of José Nuce-Sardi's Spanish translation, which was sponsored by the Venezuelan National Academy of History. Like all works on Miranda in those days, Biggs' book was a best-seller when it came out. Several editions appeared between 1808 and 1811. There were plenty of interested readers: the families whose sons or other relatives joined the expedition and were captured by the Spaniards; the enemies of Jefferson and Madison who blamed them for not having put a stop to the dangerous venture; the money-lenders and suppliers who stood to lose on their funds and provisions, which had been contracted for at a high rate of interest; and people who were intrigued simply by the fantastic elements of the story. The hearings of the long court action against the promoters of the expedition drew large audiences; and stenographer Thomas A. Lloyd's transcript of the trial, printed in New York by I. Riley and Company, was read like a novel.

Biggs told of the rhapsodic adventure of the expedition, but the contemporary U.S. press, both pro- and anti-Miranda, concentrated on its political aspects. With the warmth that always characterizes debates on international politics when the issues get tangled up with domestic politics, the newspapers discussed whether it was proper or reprehensible for the United States to help South America free itself from Spain.

Everyone agreed that what Miranda had accomplished during his short stay in the United States was amazing. He had appeared in 1805 as a veteran of the U.S. war for independence, as an old soldier of the siege of Pensacola, back to visit his friends and to rejoice in the progress of a nation whose birth he had witnessed. His friend Colonel William S. Smith (and in all his checkered life Miranda never had a more generous one) organized a hero's and philosopher's welcome for him. He saw to it that the newspapers reminded people of the qualities and vast experience of the guest, a knight errant of liberty in both the Old World and the New.

Smith belonged to one of the oldest and best-known families in the country; he was a son-in-law of John Adams and in 1805-6 was surveyor of the port of New York. Surrounded by United States flags, feted as a participant in the Revolution, Miranda attended the sumptuous banquet with which the Corporation of the City, on November 18, 1805, celebrated the anniversary of the British evacuation. More than one toast was drunk to this tireless man of fifty-six who was setting out to free a continent at a time when other men would be writing their memoirs. General Morton later presented Miranda to his artillery brigade.

Old friends like Christopher Gore and diplomat Rufus King led him to financiers and ship owners who might be interested in the undertaking. Daniel Ludlow discounted several long-term notes drawn on London ac-

counts for him. John Jacob Astor was willing to sell him arms. And Smith introduced him to Samuel G. Ogden, who financed the arming and provisioning of a fine frigate to serve as the flagship. This 187-ton teakwood vessel had a tall, straight mast, could be equipped with sixteen cannon, and had room for a crew of two hundred. Miranda named it the *Leander* in honor of his eldest son—who remained in England—and also thinking of the Greek myth.

The general was not concerned about the owner's financial demands, as he had no doubt that the South America he was going to liberate could take care of the heaviest interest payments. No price is too high to pay for liberty! Samuel G. Ogden's pencil began adding sums. He accepted an initial payment of seven thousand pounds sterling in drafts on London and individuals in Trinidad. He put the net value of his vessel at \$72,473.89, but because of the risk he was running, the insurance that would have to be taken out, and even the dubious nature of the adventure, he piled on interest until Miranda's debt reached \$217,000.

Once he was the hypothetical owner of the *Leander*, Miranda had to look around for a crew. In New York's waterfront taverns there was no shortage of seamen, notorious characters, rough-hewn but experienced. There were, for example, William Armstrong, as powerful as his name implied, and the violent and quarrelsome Thomas Lewis. And there were Europeans who had come to the United States in search of fame and adventure like Count de Rouvray and Captains Frecier, Belhay, and Lopenot from France; Trelawney from Austria; Captain Burgudd from Poland. Anyone but Miranda would have hesitated to plunge into a liberating project with such a strange combination of followers, but he had the stubborn faith possessed by all founders of religions. Just as Don Quixote tried to convert galley slaves into knightly defenders of justice, this other dreamer tried to make liberators out of highwaymen of the sea.

Meanwhile, in order to sail from New York without dangerous publicity, Miranda had at least to sound out the viewpoint of the U.S. Government. But he was too well-known a figure, and as he went about the city the spies of Spanish Minister Casa Yrujo dogged his footsteps and took note of everything he did.

His curious wintertime trip to Washington to talk with President Jefferson and Secretary of State Madison is described in the lively pages of his diary—pages still to be published in the *Archivo de Miranda*. A man who never lost his intellectual curiosity no matter how many difficulties harassed him, he stopped in Philadelphia to observe the progress of a democratic society. He had not forgotten that this Pennsylvania city was the spiritual cradle of the revolution. A philosophical society had been organized there, whose members, unlike the abstract thinkers of Europe, were trying to transform beautiful theories into social realities. And the "Society of Pennsylvania" was stimulating manufacturing and the practical arts. A restless reformer and planner, Francisco de Miranda rejoiced to see the community taking such practical forward steps.

(Continued on page 41)

CUBAN PAINTING carries the stamp of exuberance that characterizes the island. After nearly half a century of independence, this Caribbean country finds itself in an enviable position. There is a new Cuba and a new race of Cubans, possessed of boundless energy and quick minds. Prosperous, strong, and peaceful, they have to a large extent solved the problems of mixed racial groups, and the benefits of a modern, independent democracy are enjoyed by most of the people.

One of the obvious manifestations of the new Cuba is the vigorous easel painting carried on by a large and varied group. It is not class painting in the sense of the Mexican school, but it is intellectual and brilliant, revolutionary and indigenous.

Strangely enough, in Havana, a city of a million people famous for its artists, there are few places where Cuban painting can be seen. Although the new *Nuestro Tiempo* gallery devoted entirely to modern art recently opened in the center of the city, there are no commercial galleries specializing in Cuban canvases, no museums cultivating the native artist. Yet both Paris and Stockholm have held Cuban exhibits within the last year. It is perhaps significant that the New York apartment of Broadway producer Joshua Logan is plastered with Portocarreros, while most wealthy Cubans prefer to buy their paintings abroad.

There is not even a permanent exhibition room in Havana. The National Salon is held in August; occasionally there are exhibitions in the Capitol, the Fine Arts Club, and the University; and last February the U.S. colony's Women's Club put on a comprehensive show exhibiting academican and modern together. There is also the remarkable women's club called the Lyceum, an intellectual center that has few counterparts anywhere. It has given encouragement to poets and painters alike, providing the artists with a place to display their work, printing their catalogues, making articulate a movement that would otherwise have little cohesion or stimulus. In its small, elegant gallery, the Lyceum usually stages one-man shows. But even they are not always Cuban, and anyone visiting Havana especially to view Cuban painting must engage in a sort of treasure hunt.

To get an idea of the scope of Cuban painting he must search through the lesser-known streets of the suburbs, climb many flights of stairs, meet friends of friends who can arrange a showing, stay up late at night, and speak Spanish. It is worth the effort, even to see one artist's work at a time, often only one picture at a time. Cuban art is easier to find at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Indeed, New Yorkers claim that Cuban painting is better known and more often exhibited there than in Cuba.

This does not mean that painting is not taken seriously on the island. Patrons are not entirely lacking, and some of the better-known artists are supported by government scholarships. Abela, one of the most outstanding, was made cultural attaché in Mexico, is now minister to Guatemala. A young Cuban consular agent in Paris spends all his spare time studying painting. Scholarships abroad—for study in Spain, France, or the United States—have always been available for unusual talent.

CUBAN PAINTERS

**Moderns rebel against academic tradition
to contribute some of the best contemporary**

Elizabeth Verner Hamilton



Painter Amelia Peláez cultivates her own models. In Vibora suburb garden, she raises tropical plants and brilliant plumed birds as subjects for colorful canvases

USH

inting



Primitive influence in Cuban art is shown in this feathered wood carving, product of ñānigos, Afro-Cuban secret society members



Local painting is hard to find in Havana. New Nuestro Tiempo Association's gallery exhibits contemporary, but not exclusively Cuban, art



Island lore is rich source for Cuban painters. Conventionally garbed priest of Afro-Cuban santería religion standing in front of Santa Barbara altar near Havana

Although many of the artists support themselves by outside jobs and live to paint, others live by their painting. The San Alejandro Academy, against which each succeeding generation of painters rebels, is government-supported. Portrait painters thrive. Because public taste lags, it is the innovators who suffer, those who experiment with space and color, the very ones who give the island's painting its individuality. For the public is sometimes blind to the reflection of Cuba's colonial grandeur in figures distorted to match the floors or compressed to repeat the rhythm of columns. But when skillfully executed, such ideas enchant the critics.

The modern artists, who used to call themselves APEC (*Asociación de Pintores y Escultores Cubanos*), are a more or less fluid group outstanding for their loyalty and belligerence as well as for their painting. But they are essentially the one cohesive group in Cuban art. They have issued manifestos of defiance to the conservative painters and stand ready to fight for their right to separate recognition. They wield the color-laden brushes. They are the experimenters with ink, pencil, crayon, chalk, burlap, Duco, pastel, oil, wrapping paper, all together or in various combinations. They borrow from all times and from all schools.

When Cuban painters began exhibiting abroad some ten years ago, delighted audiences hailed a new and vigorous school. Critics extolled the riotous color and variety of painting that was, in fact, dazzling to behold. Carreño, Peláez, Víctor Manuel, Abela, Mariano, Portocarrero, Cundo Bermúdez, Carlos Enriquez, each seemed to outdo the other in the brilliance of his palette. Besides color, the painting carried a freshness and rhythm that always distinguished it as peculiarly Cuban. Many of the group had studied abroad (notably Carreño, Peláez, Lam, Víctor Manuel, Abela); others, although influenced by the French moderns, had never left the island, and one, Portocarrero, had never been to art school at all.

In honor of the UNESCO conference in Havana last December, a huge exhibition of the work of sixteen painters and eight sculptors was held at the Lyceum. (The sculptors are as distinguished as the painters, but unfortunately, space does not permit discussing them here.) Many of the established artists, as well as a new generation of very young painters, were represented.

Compared with the work of ten years ago, the color appeared somewhat muted (or perhaps "controlled" is a better word). Also, a greater discipline in drawing and economy of line was apparent. However, the most obvious feature of the show was the same exuberance that marked the earlier exhibition. One enthusiastic visitor remarked: "This is the most extraordinary school of painting in the Hemisphere; even in Paris you can't see painting as exciting as this." Conceivably, the statement could be challenged, but it indicates the exhilaration a room full of Cuban painting invariably invokes.

Historians of a later day are certain to be baffled when they try to identify most of the contemporary painters on the basis of knowledge of any one of their periods. Often the renaissance influences predominate, sometimes the severe line of Dürer, occasionally the

mysticism of El Greco. Drawings that look like Goya's or paintings as cluttered as a Victorian what-not may be done by the same man who also draws thin, single lines in space in childlike primitivism. This restless search for new styles indicates growth, without which art stagnates, and the changes accentuate the fact that it is too early to write definitively on the Cuban school. From the variety of painting and the versatility of the painters, one gathers that this is merely the beginning of an age, not by any means its apogee.

These Cuban artists draw on three main sources of inspiration: colonial architecture, tropical flora, and Cuban folklore. Some are inspired by all three, others stick to one line, exploiting its every facet.

No longer young in years, abstractionist Amelia Peláez

Below: internationally known Wilfredo Lam is one of foremost interpreters of Cuban black magic and tropical atmosphere



Luis Martínez Pedro goes straight to nature for inspiration. He features natural history, odds and ends collected from beaches

After years of experience gained by travel in the U.S.A. and South America, Mario Carreño recently returned to work in his native Cuba



is always grouped with the young moderns, for with Victor Manuel and Abela she was one of the first rebels against the academy's sound draftsmanship but insipid styles. In Cuba the influence of her work is incalculable. Her casual, apparently effortless designs have inspired a whole school of less gifted painters of the "well-if-that's-what-they-like-I-can-do-it-too" type, as well as offering a road to freedom to those who have the basic discipline necessary to travel its perilous pathway. Well-known beyond the confines of the island, Peláez first studied at San Alejandro under Romañach, the academician much revered today in Cuba despite his old-fashioned style of painting. Then she went to Europe and gradually learned to see color and to abstract designs from the material around her. For many years now, she has lived in Cuba in a house with stained-glass arches, high ceilings, much wrought iron, and a tropical garden. There she paints abstractions of fruit, scrolls of wrought iron, stained-glass fanlights, round, saucerlike leaves, and fern fronds. Her work, mature and stable, though never lacking in invention, is suffused with color.

Cundo Bermúdez, who draws largely on colonial Cuban architecture, paints interiors and nudes in crude colors

with a dynamic arrangement of material. He loves the old houses with their tiled floors, the small inner "cathedral" doors that look like lace valentines, the big fans over the arches that diffuse sunlight with rich colors. Handling these in a thoroughly untraditional manner, he uses brilliant color and a charming naïveté.

Another artist influenced by the old houses, rocking chairs, screens, balconies, wrought iron, is René Portocarrero. He grew up in Cerro, the Havana suburb where mansions were built a century ago without regard for conserving space. He began drawing at the age of four and observed everything with a precocious eye; his colonial period reflects a child's delight in his surroundings. His intense reds and brilliant blues, yellows, and oranges are set off from each other by black outlines,

after the method of workers in stained glass. Portocarrero has not confined himself to the colonial, but paints in a considerable range of subject matter and style. He is one of the artists who have been influenced by folklore, which has had such a profound influence on Cuban painting.

Some island negroes are devotees of cults that mingle Christian saints with African deities and are variously known as *Lucumi* (after an African tribe), *santismo*, and *santería*. For instance, November 4, the feast of Santa Bárbara—patron saint of the cannoneer—is celebrated in Cuba with day-long exhortations to Changó, the African god of thunder. Santa Bárbara, it is explained, is Changó; the radio blares out "Changó" in song and chant; and families and friends progress from house to house, where little shrines are lighted and waiting. There is much talk of barbaric practices connected with Changó worship. Every community has its horror story, but careful research has revealed that much of this is apocryphal.

Another survival of African culture is found in the men's secret societies, which one anthropologist calls man's compensation for the mysteries of motherhood and

the importance this gives women. The societies are called *ñāngo*, the place where they assemble, the "*jambá*" room. Cabalistic symbols are drawn above the portals, and the meetings are shrouded in mystery. Fernando Ortiz, the famed student of folklore, says a man may belong simultaneously to one of these societies and to the church by keeping their different mysteries carefully separated in his mind.

Witchcraft is also a part of the African heritage. Charms with spirits worked into them to bring the owner good luck, others to ward off evil spirits, still others to confound an enemy can be bought from witch doctors.

Knowledge of this legacy from Africa is widespread, and the symbols are twisted by the artists to their own ends. Wifredo Lam, for example, part Chinese, part

knows no bounds, Martínez-Pedro also paints masked figures, imbued with magic, in conic sections of jeweled color. He is one of the rebels against the academy, and never darkened its doors.

Mariano, Diago, and many others are each in his own way affected by this cult of the jungle. As for Carreño, painter in all styles, all manners, who until recently taught at the New School for Social Research in New York, his primitive period is undoubtedly influenced by *ñāngismo*. But this versatile artist's inspirations are world-wide and so varied that it is hard to say whether they derive from his knowledge of native witchcraft and its peculiarly Cuban flavor or from the cult of the primitive that is fashionable among artists the world over.

Less affected by folklore are Abela, the minister to



Cundo Bermúdez is known for the type of figure with which he seems to be communing

Gouache by Amelia Peláez shows some of fertile elements found in her studio garden



Painter René Portocarrero works in Vedado, markets his work to international clientele

negro, obsessed with what he calls "*la agonía de la vida*" (life's agony), paints huge canvases in flat planes of intense color and superb design with an impact so frightening that the spirit recoils. Lam has been tremendously influenced by his teacher Picasso, who was in turn affected by African sculpture. The Cuban's familiarity with *ñāngo* symbols is evident in his work: there are thighs, jawbones, and white texture of bone, gourds that are sometimes breasts, the goat's leg, horns, and horses' hoofs. One also sees a fascination with masks. Lam's postman, delivering a letter one day, stared with astonishment at what the artist was painting. "But do you see things like this?" he asked. In reply Lam pointed to a pair of disembodied eyes peering out of a canebrake: "Look! There you are yourself!" The postman fled. But Lam's symbolism is not always so easily explained.

Original, alert Luis Martínez-Pedro runs an advertising agency, sees sculptures in bits of driftwood and material for painting everywhere. (His wife, Gertrude, is the spokesman for the modern group.) He uses the *jambá* room, or rather the assembled company in the *jambá* room, as a basis for fantastic drawings filled with demonology. A master draftsman whose imagination

Guatemala; Girona, now in the United States; and Víctor Manuel, the first rebel and discoverer in the 'twenties of modern trends in Europe. Now Víctor Manuel has stopped experimenting as he once did and has settled on a lyric style of calm women and serene landscapes showing little relationship to the restlessness that affects many of his pupils.

Fidelio Ponce, whose name is always included in the modern group, died in 1948 after many inactive years when ill health did not allow him to paint. Ponce, the mystic, who dealt in swirls of cloud and vague outlines, poetic women, and religious subjects with a palette of buff and grays and tans, is now most eagerly collected by the rich. His work shows the maturity and definite personality that has so far eluded the painting of many of his colleagues.

Among the better-known women are Mirta Cerra who paints palms, old streets of Havana, children, and clowns with gentle mysticism and poetry; and María Luisa Ríos, handicapped by a badly paid job, who has a highly original talent and a sense of humor that makes her work conspicuous at group exhibitions.

(Continued on page 47)



Author Theo Crevenna, at end of table, leads discussion at meeting in Brazil

LABOR'S abc's

Porto Alegre round table stresses workers' education for greater participation in community life

Theo R. Crevenna and Carlos Guillén

ASIDE FROM THE BROAD NATIONAL PROBLEMS of education and literacy, or even the more limited field of adult education in general, there are special educational needs facing the workers of the Americas. Without some knowledge of how their economy functions, of their own legal rights, or even how to conduct a meeting, it is difficult for them to take a useful part in community affairs, to act intelligently to improve their living standards, or to exercise democratic control over their own organizations. "Workers education" aims to help men improve their

own understanding of the background of their problems and develop techniques for solving them. Conducted through workers' organizations, it can make labor movements more effective and responsible.

Latin American workers, with a low average educational level, especially need such training, and the Pan American Union's Division of Labor and Social Affairs has been striving to spread the idea. Once again workers education was one of the four subjects of round-table discussion at the Third Regional Seminar on Social

Affairs held recently in Porto Alegre, Brazil. This meeting, which concluded the series begun in May of last year at Quito and continued at San Salvador in November, gave representatives of government, education, and labor from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay a chance to discuss their own experiences and problems in the fields of cooperatives, housing and city planning, and social work, as well as workers education. Porto Alegre was chosen as the meeting place because it is a progressive industrial center, with a keen interest in social problems, and was easily accessible to the delegates of the southernmost Hemisphere nations.

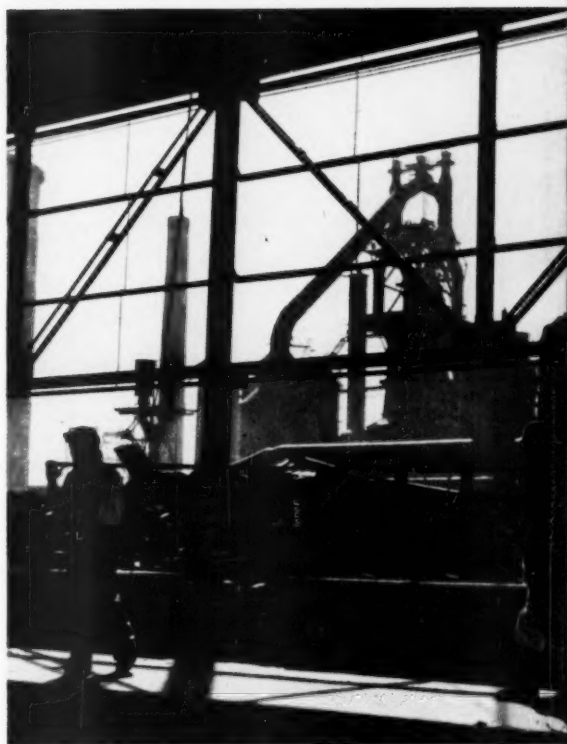
Eighty-four of the 423 men and women who attended the seminar as delegates or observers took part in the section on workers education. Besides the five countries, the International Labor Office, UNESCO, and the Inter-American Regional Organization of the ICFTU (International Confederation of Free Trade Unions) were represented. Delegates included educators, sociologists, economists, specialists in labor questions, social workers, librarians, and workers.

Ideally, the seminarists felt, workers education should be provided by the workers themselves and their organizations, but it was clear that the government would have to assume much of the burden where labor was poorly organized or unable to handle the task. The important contributions that can be made by universities through extension courses, for example, libraries through setting up factory branches, and other institutions such as cooperatives, were fully recognized, while in certain circumstances employers might play a part in the campaign.

Neither the delegates nor PAU staff members intended to prescribe exact curricula for workers education courses. Sometimes they include such relatively advanced subjects as the economic situation, labor legislation, history of the labor movement, and civil liberties, with emphasis on the workers' rights and responsibilities vis-à-vis his union, the community, and the government. But in many cases, the delegates felt, a more elementary approach was desirable. They recommended that the educational programs should study primarily the workers' basic needs for food, clothing, housing, sanitation and health, recreation, and schooling.

Since few instructors qualified to apply these specific techniques are so far available, it was recognized that unions would have to depend on help from those familiar with the workers' special problems—preferably with some training as educators. The labor representatives pointed out that there was also a job to be done in "educating the bosses." All delegates present agreed to spread the good word about workers education not only in their own communities through local seminars but by promoting national advisory councils. This method has already proved successful in Ecuador, for instance, where a five-member supervisory body was set up in 1949 made up of representatives of government, labor, and a semi-private cultural organization.

Repercussions from the earlier discussions at Quito and San Salvador have already become apparent. Since



then, Colombia has held six regional social problems seminars of her own in various parts of the country; Ecuador has established an adult education institute especially charged with developing workers education; and El Salvador has created an Office of Workers Education as part of the Ministry of Labor. At the third meeting in Porto Alegre, labor spokesmen called for early organization of a "labor institute" as a sort of teacher-training center where methods could be developed for carrying on the campaign.

In addition to organizing seminars and preparing the working papers for them, the PAU Division of Labor and Social Affairs has published a series of pamphlets on workers education dealing with the general concept, techniques of "labor institutes," rules for conducting meetings, the history of Latin America's labor movement, and the contribution of libraries to workers education.

The Division sums up its job in this field as, not to educate workers by its own action, but to help them learn how to improve themselves by providing information on techniques and programs and giving them a chance to hear what others have done. In this it is carrying out the purposes of the Inter-American Charter of Social Guarantees, signed at Bogotá in 1948, and recommendations of many Inter-American Conferences.

A BOLIVIAN ABROAD

(Continued from page 12)

special conditions of a one-product economy, and hint about other countries that would have done well to rid themselves of their tyrants in time. In a very pleasant conversation with some intellectuals, a young woman Falangist who had been to South America kept injecting remarks like: "How agreeable the Chileans are! How beautiful the southern lakes! What a great country Argentina is! How interesting the little Indians of Peru and Bolivia are! What good coffee you get in Brazil!"—an entirely superficial view. A teacher commented: "You speak the language with affection. You must be proud of having received it from Spain." "Yes, ma'am," I replied, "and even more when we think that it passed from one continent to the other over a sturdy silver bridge." She had to laugh at this allusion to the fabulous wealth the Cerro de Potosí gave to the Spanish Crown; probably she didn't know about the blood of thousands of *mitayos*, the Indians conscripted into forced labor and sacrificed. As a joke, I said to a writer who, like half of Europe, was eager to come to the New World: "To do America?" "You're wrong," he answered, "to work, to find freedom—freedom of expression, freedom from fear—and to seek a land of hope for my children."

In which I tell of activities spreading news of Latin American progress

DEAR PROFESSOR:

You know how busy I am with museums and monuments, trying to finish the little history of art for children, of which you have seen the fifty published chapters. There's very little information I can give you about activities contributing to knowledge of America in Europe. This work really should be begun by our diplomatic and consular representatives. They are not doing much. The excuse they unflinchingly make is that they lack material—publications, maps, photographs, records, and so on. If it weren't for UNESCO and the Pan American Union, even in America itself we'd be in the same situation.

The most important and effective work is surely that being carried on by the Institute of Hispanic Culture in Madrid. Frequent publication of booklets, anthologies, magazines, is complemented with art exhibitions, congresses, scholarships, travel grants, and money prizes for the best works on Spanish American themes. In Belgium and Holland I found societies of Hispanists and Latin Americanists, but these are more literary and linguistic in interest, without practical aims. In Seville, the School of Hispanic American Studies puts out publications relating to our countries' past—nothing current. Its library runs up against the poor organization of South and Central American offices of intellectual cooperation, which do not answer requests and do not even have card-indexes that would enable them to learn about and obtain modern works.

The Swiss Society of Friends of Spain, Portugal, and Latin America—in Zurich—has 450 members, but judg-

ing by the tenor of the invitation they made me to give a talk on cultural topics, they are equally without means and opportunities to carry out their aims of close ties with Latin America. In Rome I could make no contact with similar organizations. Possibly they are not considered necessary, since the Church is in itself a link with the Catholic countries. The publishing house *Le Lingue Estere* in Florence distributes Latin American literature. Its directors complained of difficulty in obtaining material, but still it has published books with interesting and accurate facts about Latin America.

The greatest ignorance and least interest in America exist, I believe, in France. One fact: at the P.E.N. Club dinner in Paris, attended by about 120 members, not one could speak Spanish; while in South America at least one person in ten speaks or, if not that, reads French. Perhaps the current of students and writers that used to flow to the City of Light has passed to the United States. Or have these currents been absorbed by politics?

In England, on the other hand, I can say without exaggeration that a third of the people I spent time with—not counting Spanish Americans, to be sure—spoke Spanish and knew more about America than anywhere else in Europe. Coincidence? School training? Or real interest? They distinguished clearly among the countries and pointed out their characteristics.

So, Professor, for Europeans America is the United States. The rest, an appendage—at most, a collection of hysterical countries that produce raw materials. And there are those who consider the United States a rich, uncouth potentate that takes advantage of the culture of Europe and the wealth of Central and South America. The countries with which, relatively, they are most familiar are Argentina, for its commercial and family ties; Brazil, for its unlimited future, its exotic landscape, its sensual music; Chile, for the literary prestige of Gabriela Mistral's Nobel Prize, for its similarity in landscape and population to certain regions of Europe; Mexico, for its clashing ideologies and its earthy art; Uruguay, for its genuine democracy. Cuba is rumbas and palm trees; the other names awaken only the nostalgia of distance.

In which I talk of generalities and peculiarities

... The distance Columbus would have traversed in four months has taken me less than a week. And it represents retreating millennia in culture and advancing centuries in civilization. The truth is, countries are not united by hours of flight or geography, but separated by historical level. One travels not in space but in time. Each nation, each individual even, lives in a different age. Everything from the caves of primitive man to the refinements of the Renaissance and the tormenting anxiety of modern times is found in Europe. (I'm bringing you reproductions of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Goya, and Van Gogh, and beautiful Italian, Spanish, and German editions of the *Divine Comedy*, the *Quixote*, and *Faust*. You must treasure them, because they represent the hats and frippery I could not buy! Which reminds

(Continued on page 44)

oas

FOTO FLASHES



To deposit the instrument of ratification of the OAS Charter, U. S. Representative to the OAS John C. Dreier recently sat down with Assistant Secretary General William Manger (left) and Secretary General Alberto Lleras. Looking on with obvious approval are three Latin American envoys to the OAS and representatives of the U. S. State Department. They include (from left): Peruvian Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalley; Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council René Lépervanche Parparcén from Venezuela; Haitian Ambassador Joseph Déjean; Messrs. Charles Burrows, William Sanders, George Monsma

These visitors came all the way from Iran to the Pan American Union to the Inter-American Statistical Institute's recent meeting. Shown here with OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger (left) are: Mrs. Nasrollah Samii, Mr. Samii, who is Chief of the Controller's Office of Statistics at Teheran, and Mr. Yadolla Nabil. Both of the visiting men are with the Iranian delegation to the United Nations



At a special session of the OAS Council, visiting President Galo Plaza Lasso of Ecuador spoke out for inter-American unity to achieve "a world of liberty and dignity for every man in America." A former council member himself, President Plaza once occupied the chair from which he has risen to speak. Surrounding him (from left): Mexican envoy to the OAS Luis Quintanilla; Vice Chairman of the OAS Council René Lépervanche; Brazilian Ambassador and Chairman of the OAS Council Hildebrando Pompeu Accioly



Art show sponsored by Dr. Felipe Portocarrero, Peru's alternate delegate to the OAS, reflected matchless esthetic perfection Peruvians achieved during seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries (see below). Pausing to chat with OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger (right) are Dr. Jayme Azevedo Rodrigues, Brazil's alternate OAS representative, and his wife

Two of the objects at the show were this early nineteenth century silver baptismal vessel in form of a duck (left) and a contemporary sheep-shaped pitcher of the Ayacucho region





PARENTHETICAL REMARKS

CLEARLY A MAN with profound respect for language—Portuguese or any other—the Brazilian critic and essayist Eugenio Gomes devotes an article in Rio's *Correio da Manhã* to some of the more wayward uses to which it has been put:

"The vagaries of punctuation provoke speculation—stylistically they matter little but may reveal much about a writer's idiosyncrasies.

"Generally, punctuation represents the impulse toward originality trying to break through convention's shackles, arbitrarily and sometimes violently altering the natural appearance of the language. Symbolism and, more recently, surrealism, introduced innovations in writing, many of them consisting of an illogical and absurd suppression or subversion of punctuation.

"This typhoon of rebellion against classic punctuation rules does not make the art of writing any easier. Even without commas and other outward artifices, language is difficult, and its domination forces even the most competent users to make a conscious, well-considered effort. Subversion became, however, very intense indeed, and some of its manifestations are still apparent, showing a constant attempt to eliminate punctuation or submit it to new and bold experiments.

"Even parentheses are not spared, despite their discreet condition and the traditional parsimony with which they are introduced in a sentence. The classics used them sparingly, possibly because when used consecutively, parentheses make grooves in the page, like wrinkles on the face of the writing.

"Nevertheless, by this means Laurence Sterne managed to achieve a paradoxically youthful style, particularly in *Tristram Shandy*. There parentheses lose their habitual shyness and play all kinds of tricks, as in Chapter 17 of Book II, where they are scattered with irritating frequency; they surround paragraphs all over the place, nearly always without any logic. The chaos is such that, in another passage, parentheses appear alone, as if on vacation, without even a word between them—a way of ridiculing grammatical rules.

"This trend extended as far as a contemporary fiction writer, Virginia Woolf. . . . Moreover, Mrs. Dalloway's creator used this element of punctuation to achieve an unforeseen and original effect. . . . Her parentheses are like islands of the real world

breaking through the stream of consciousness.

"In the novel *To the Lighthouse*, for example, the news of Ramsay's death, in spite of its effect on the protagonists, is limited to a sudden indirect vision of war contained in parentheses, while everything else continues in the same tone. An interesting peculiarity of Miss Woolf's parentheses is that in other cases they do not interrupt the whimsy of her works. . . .

"Like Sterne, Virginia Woolf fills chapter after chapter with parentheses. Now, the rebellious James Joyce is extremely moderate in that connection. In his last work, however, he turns constantly to parentheses, obviously to achieve a grotesque and ridiculous effect. But actually, instead of clarifying, his parentheses in *Finnegan's Wake* produce nothing but confusion. . . .

"In Proust, once in a while parentheses escape the traditional function of a disguised footnote and rise to the higher plane of artistic value. . . .

"Our own Machado de Assis used parentheses with habitual respect for grammatical convention; but in *Memórias póstumas de Brás Cubas* they show up occasionally with an intentional stylistic effect. Thus, in the Almocreve episode, the narrator, angry with himself for his prodigality, concludes: '. . . I called myself prodigal . . . and I was (why not tell all?), yes, I was remorseful.' Then there is the passage where Quincas Borba explains his philosophy: 'Hunger (and he philosophically sucked on the chicken wing) is a test to which Humanitas submits its own viscera.' And elsewhere, Brás Cubas addresses



Artist to godfather: "You see—real modern art!" "Don't lose heart, boy, you've still time to learn drawing."—Novelades, Mexico City

the reader: "But if you have a profound and penetrating mind (and I doubt very much that you will deny this), you will understand. . . ." and so on.

"With the same sense of irony, though more in the manner of a theatrical aside, Balzac himself achieved tremendous psychological effects by using parentheses in one of his best tales, *Le Curé de Tours*. Thus he underlined the silent course of Father Biroteau's thought during the dialogue. Today the most alarming example is William Faulkner's novel *The Bear*, in which the author shelters thousands of words between parentheses. But doubtless, from the viewpoint of style, the examples of Sterne, Virginia Woolf, and Machado de Assis are the most significant."

BUTTONS AND BOWS

MEN HAVE LITTLE CHANCE nowadays to flaunt their personalities sartorially, laments Fernando G. Campoamor in the magazine *Hélices*, published by the Puerto Rican Society of Journalists. Only one outlet is open to them, and they'd better guard it:

"To nudists our remotest ancestor, Adam, is the model of stupidity. To tailors, the patron saint of the profession. Besides his responsibility for biting the juicy apple and condemning us to the sweat of our brow, old Adam bears the blame for men's clothes. It was he who invented clothing—and there's no question of mistaken identity or an accomplice because he was the only man on earth—when he hid his shame under a fig leaf. That's what it says in Genesis.

"The history of clothes, old as human beings, is a sexual history, which began when that trunk of all family trees . . . discovered that he was the ugliest male of all the species. He hadn't the elastic strength of the tiger, the spreading antlers of the reindeer, or the metallic crest of the pheasant. He resembled only the chimpanzee. And his way out was to seek some kind of disguise. Thus was born the Adamic costume, first in man's sartorial museum.

"Just as animals' colors become brighter during the mating season, we elaborated on Adam's adornment until it covered us entirely—that is, covered

us with provocative finery, with showy details that attracted women. For centuries masculine dress was a public invitation to love and a frivolous slave of fashion."

But then, says Campoamor, along came the time of social and economic rights and the Industrial Revolution. Now man was a far cry from the chimpanzee; he had become lord and master of the world, and he threw off his artifices: "Ever since, masculine dress has resisted time with lines that by now are classic.

"However, the necktie floats like the shipwrecked sailor's bottle with a message in it. It survives as a symbol of the need of the libido, linked so fundamentally to biology. The necktie is a flag, an anarchistic flag, in the middle of the chest, where everyone says what

sustained changes and more changes. Today we behold with longing those ineffable neckties of Gavarni's drawings and the flowing cravats that are the mark of Romanticism. Finally the cravat was reduced to an emblem of the bohemian, associated with gatherings at café tables.

"We progressed from frock coat to tailcoat, from tailcoat to cutaway, and from cutaway to sack coat. This process of change was no fairy tale; in Argentina—where Sarmiento and Alberdi had written of clothes as a social symptom—the tyrant Rosas, brutal as a pampa bull, began a civil war basically defending the native *chiripi* against the European frock coat of the patricians. Later, abolition of the traditional fez and veil of the Turks was Kemal Atatürk's thorniest reform.

"Mirabeau—he who had thundered for class equality in dress—might lie peaceful in his grave. But the necktie remained a refuge for rebels. Demanelli began to give lectures on ways of wearing it, laughing cynically at the university stones of the Sorbonne. Beau Brummel, the immortal dandy, made London his field of triumph, parading his cravats at teatime.

"These two moods—the English and the French—are the magnetic poles in the modern history of the necktie. The former denotes an air of sobriety, the behavior of maturity. The British have always been like that, austere, hermetic, balanced. The mood of France is otherwise; an air of license and the behavior of spring. France also never varies—broad, expansive, lighthearted. In London there are catalogues; in Paris, surprises. Between the column of Trafalgar Square and the column of the Place Vendôme lies the spiritual distance of two antipodal nations. . . .

"Piccadilly and Pall Mall showcases reveal discreet designs, so precise that they seem like a goldsmith's motifs. You will find these models in Paris too . . . [At Jourdain's on the Rue de Rivoli] you see neckties severe, subdued in color, strictly classical; and they sell striped ones that a lord couldn't object to. But everywhere you turn, the Lyon weaver displays his engraved interpretations and his bold fantasies.

"Far beyond all concepts of beauty, to the point of extravagance and hy-



They crowd to witness accidents: the more que accident et traffic, worse after the picture.

"As you can see, we're doing away with all traffic impediments, including pedestrians."
—La Esfera, Caracas

he pleases, protesting against the monotonous suit he wears. . . .

"It is more than a call from man to woman or a guarantee of the perpetuation of the species. It is also a symbol of the personality and even the esthetic category of the man who drapes it around his neck. With it we shun the chorus and recite our monologue. . . .

"The first mention of neckties dates from 1630. A regiment of Croats (*Cravates*, in French) in the service of the King of France wore lace stocks with long hanging ends. . . . Lace gave way to linen and silk, and the tie

peritrophy, lies the necktie 'Made in U.S.A.' The Yankee, without the critical serenity of his Saxon brothers of London, without the sensitive tranquility of the French genius, takes the easy way of commercial libertinism, and exports neckties like so much wheat.

"The necktie has a destiny of art and love. We must defend it, for it is the only silent language we've preserved for addressing women. . . . for enticing them with symbols of art, which are the most fitting. All honor to the universal father, Adam, the first man to wear a tie, making it from the green of the grape leaf and the red of the offending apple."

PARLOR PASTIME

AS THE "mental equivalent of physical sports," puzzles are universally popular, notes a certain "Dr. Enigma" in the Mexican weekly *Mañana*. In keeping with the tone of the special issue in which his article appears—a whopping 406-page number devoted to the first half of the twentieth century—Dr. Enigma surveys the progress of the parlor pastime since the turn of the century:

" . . . The pastime . . . is as old as the world. The inhabitants of the legendary Memphis practiced it, in the form of riddles, many thousands of years before Christ. And the cruel demands of the Sphinx, who, stationed on the road to Thebes, propounded enigmas to travelers, devouring at once those who could not solve them, prove the hoariness of this restlessness of the intellect, which enjoys illuminating the artificially obscure with the light of reason or discovering the intentionally secret.

"In a brief anthology of half a century of pastimes—from the beginning of the century up to date—we must begin with the simple structure of the riddle, which was the delight of our grandparents. The classic riddle states the terms of the object to be guessed, hiding its definition astutely. An example of the deceptive riddle is this:

I have no feet, but I run,
I have a mouth, but I do not eat.
If this seems nonsense,
It's true in every respect.

The answer is the river, which, thus described, seems really nonsense.

"From the riddle—which, when elaborated upon, could achieve refinements of real genius—were derived other pastimes. Some were graphic, others verbal. The charade, for example, was a word-guessing game in which the clues were syllables of the original word reshuffled and combined to form new words. The graphic charade, much in vogue at the beginning of the century in children's publications, replaced the verses with drawings in which the new words were represented. In each drawing the syllables that made up the hidden word were indicated.

"A superior variation of the graphic charade was the hieroglyphic narrative, in which a story was translated into images, taking advantage of every device for reproducing the meaning of the language. Here, for example, is a pseudo-hieroglyphic of the well-known saying '*Más vale pájaro en mano que ciento volando*' ['A bird in the hand is worth more than a hundred flying,' or, as the equivalent English saying has it, 'two in the bush']:



"At present, this attractive way of writing—unquestionably intriguing to the eye—serves advertising purposes, the texts of some ads being written with the laborious aid of drawings, arithmetical symbols, and musical notes. A publicity subterfuge, as acceptable as any other.

"In graphic presentation there is an almost inexhaustible source of mental amusement, though this kind of pastime is usually of poor quality. From the labyrinth—a parody of that mythical and colossal puzzle of Daedalus, in Crete—to the human figure hidden in the landscape, enigmatic or mysterious drawings are a success with every kind of mentality. . . . A certain match factory made its product popular thanks to the fact that on every box appeared drawings each of which was a puzzle.

"Who knows whether such bait wouldn't make some products sell better nowadays!

"To show how seriously these mental diversions were taken half a century ago, here is a puzzle published in the Spanish magazine *Alrededor del Mundo*, widely circulated in Mexico at the turn of the century:

"Among all the giants spoken of in one story or another, there is undoubtedly none so monstrously horrible as this one, whose portrait we reproduce:



"He lived in Arabia many years ago, alone and wandering about the countryside, eating the flesh of one or another beast that he met in his way, which he killed with no assistance other than his formidable hands.

"His hatred for man was extraordinary. Pity the shepherd who fell into his power! His ferocious aspect froze the blood in the veins, and the victim surrendered without resistance. As soon as he had strangled the shepherd, he took the sheep one by one from the flock and ate them, with no condiment but the blood of the unfortunate shep-

herd. Then he grasped the enormous club he always carried and went on his way, ready to devour any other flock he should find. The inhabitants of the region hardly dared to go out into the country for fear of meeting him.

"The oddest part is that of the few who had seen him from some hiding place some swore he had three faces and others would stake their fortune on his having only two. A long time passed in these discussions, until one day the giant was found dead in the country and half-eaten by birds of prey. Then it was seen that both sides were right, for the giant showed either two or three faces, according to how one looked at him.

"How can this be explained?"

"The solution to this difficult and horrifying problem could not be more extraordinary. It is a complicated mixture of simplicity, stale pseudo-science . . . and desire to kill time. Here it is:

"Supposing that an imaginary line passed through the axis of the center face of the three in the picture and that it coincided with this axis; this line would constitute an axis of symmetry for the two side faces. In other words, these two side faces would be symmetrical with respect to the straight line, which is the same as saying that the right half of the left head (looking at the picture) is symmetrical, in respect to this axis, with the left half of the right face. Well, then, the axis of symmetry is that of the giant's body; and two half faces symmetrical with respect to the axis of the body of a human being constitute the whole face of that being. Then, according to whether or not the two central eyes (referring to the picture) are considered as belonging to the side faces, one sees two or three faces. So that this explanation made of the flat surface of the drawing should be strictly geometrical, one need only reproduce the reasoning, substituting for consideration of the axis, that of a plane of symmetry, thus answering the need of considering the figure of the giant in space and not only projected on a plane parallel to the axis of the body."

"Whew! To think that all this learned and involved explanation refers only to a child's drawing with three con-



SITUAÇÃO CRÍTICA

—Cidade do Eufrasio! Roubaram-lhe todos os cavalos da fazenda!

Careta

"Poor Eufrasio—all his horses were stolen!"
—Careta, Rio de Janeiro

fused faces! But to our fathers and grandfathers reasoning was a very serious thing, and in the humblest of puzzles there were motives for austere meditation or opportunities for profound cerebral entanglements. The mathematical pastime thus acquired qualities of righteousness, to the extent that they were no longer, according to our judgment, a diversion, but a torture.

"As proof that I'm telling the truth, here is a problem that appeared in *El Imparcial* around 1908: 'In an excursion to I don't remember where, my notice was so attracted by the small number of persons who lived in a certain village that I asked an old woman tending her turkeys in the street how many inhabitants it had. The good woman, who was without doubt something of a mathematician, replied:

"Three times our number, a half, and a quarter, plus two thirds of the total sum of these figures, is equivalent to the number of turkeys I am tending; and I am caring for the same number of turkeys as my age, and if I had been born ten years later my age would be double the sum of the ages of my father and mother when they were married, whose age you may discover by knowing that the age of the former was that of the latter plus a fourth, and the latter's that of the former minus a fifth.'"

The answer, not to go into all the details, is 100, and the problem as a whole suggests, as Dr. Enigma comments, that "back in 1908 Mexico must have had many rivals of Einstein."

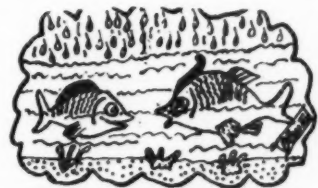
He continues: "At the end of the last century, an Englishman invented the crossword puzzle, which is so well known that it needs no description, though it became popular in Mexico only years later.

"In spite of its defects and its monotony, the crossword puzzle continues to have many fans, and there is no self-respecting publication that does not feel obliged to insert at least one in every issue. The crossword puzzle is a 'pastime' in the literal sense of the word. . . . It caused a furor in every country of the globe thanks to its malleability and structural simplicity, adaptable to all languages and all intelligences.

"A psychologist has said that the inclination to do crossword puzzles is fundamental in every human being, because it is a symptom of internal tension and a recourse to distract the mind from unpleasant things. He adds that intellectual emptiness or cerebral debility are predisposing factors to the vice of crossword puzzles.

"With the passing of years, puzzles have acquired stature and intelligent consistency, although as with every kind of amusement—from the movies to reading—there are and will always be good and bad quality. Thus, just as there exists a public for vulgar movies, there are also readers who cannot distinguish a stupid, insipid, or badly prepared puzzle from a fine and well-made one. Certainly the mental age of our 'gross public' is nothing to be proud of. . . .

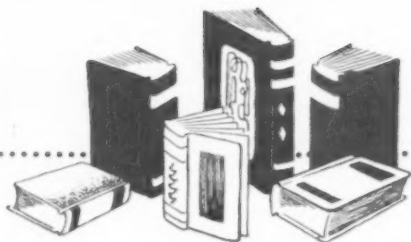
"This magazine is proud that since its founding it has had a puzzle section of high quality, in keeping with the tastes and capacities of its public."



—Mamá, estoy gripado de estar afuera a recoger aire.
—No, hijo, ¿no ves que está lloviendo y te vas a mojar, con tanta gripe que tienes?
—Mamá, me acordé: ¡infeliz! "Beberle" me ha curado esta para su publicación.

Contribution by child cartoonist Benito to the Venezuelan juvenile magazine Tricolor:
"Mother, I want to go out for some air."
"Not with your cold, daughter. Can't you see it's raining?"

BOOKS



THIS IS BRAZIL

BRAZIL: PORTRAIT OF HALF A CONTINENT is a different kind of book on Brazil. It might be called a collection of essays on key aspects of Brazilian civilization, which might easily have crystallized into a ponderous or diffuse volume. However, the discriminating and imaginative approach chosen by the two editors, T. Lynn Smith and Alexander Marchant, who are in their own right leading scholars in the field, gives us a work which will prove an indispensable source to all those interested in Brazilian studies.

The editors were particularly well-advised in calling on both U.S. and Brazilian scholars and specialists to contribute single chapters, and they were exacting in their choice of authors. Thus we have Brazilians of reputation such as Arthur Ramos, Antonio Carneiro Leão, Hilgard O'Reilly Sternberg, and North Americans such as Preston E. James, Charles Wagley, Reynold E. Carlson, Roger Bastide, an outstanding French sociologist who has been with the University of São Paulo for many years, represents Europe's contribution. As for the other, lesser-known names, they belong to young men—and a woman—who are now in the process of making hemisphere-wide reputations for themselves.

The book begins with two introductory chapters giving the broad historical background and a comprehensive analysis of the geographical realities. The next seven chapters deal with anthropological and ethnological features, in terms of cultural regions, Indian and Negro influences, European immigrants, rural and urban life. Three chapters on economic developments follow, with special attention to industrialization and international trade. Then there are chapters dealing with the family, education, the Church, government and law, social legislation, literature, and the fine arts.

Within the limits of this review, it would be impossible to go into each one of these chapters. It also seems unfair to single out for comment those of special interest to the reviewer. For one sterling quality of this book is that every contributor has met standards that were set quite high.

This does not mean that there is uniformity, or even homogeneity, in the work as a whole. The editors were cautious with their editing, their avowed intention being to present each contributor's *jeito de escrever*, a Brazilian expression that describes not only a writer's style but also his quirks and idiosyncrasies as expressed in the printed page.

In fact, the only serious charges that can be brought against *Brazil: Portrait of Half a Continent* are matters

of omission. There should have been, it seems to me, a chapter on the psychology and characteristic traits of Brazilians, which set them so distinctly apart from their neighbors; and there should have been another chapter on the Itamaraty and Brazil's foreign policy, for the country's present international importance fully warrants it.

But what is there is of good quality and covers a tremendous amount of ground. Furthermore, there is a fine group of photographs at the beginning of the book, as well as some of Percy Lau's famous sketches of human types and scenes in the hinterland; while a glossary of Brazilian terms at the end of the volume is done with a pertinence and intelligence that one seldom finds in this type of listing.



Illustration from *Brazil: Portrait of Half a Continent*

I hope that this kind of book will find imitators, and that in the near future the U.S. public will be presented with books on other nations in which the subject matter has been apportioned between scholars of the United States and the nation under study so that the reader, as he goes from one chapter to the next, gets a picture in depth and in accurate detail, thanks to the perspective and detachment of the U.S. scholar, blending with the intimate knowledge and feeling of his colleague writing on his home country. For that is what happens in this "portrait" of Brazil, which I hope will be promptly translated into Portuguese, since it could be read with interest and profit by a great many Brazilians. Which is more than can be said of most books on Brazil appearing in English.—*Hernane Tavares de Sá*

BRAZIL: PORTRAIT OF HALF A CONTINENT, edited by T. Lynn Smith and Alexander Marchant. New York, The Dryden Press, 1951. 466 p. Illus. \$4.75

THE PRECIOUS SOIL

APPROPRIATELY ENTITLED *Land Hunger in Mexico*, a little book has recently appeared that deals dramatically with the wearing away of that country's soil by erosion, a phenomenon that has been accelerated in the highlands as a result of deforestation on the mountain peaks and slopes.

Through a fortunate circumstance, the translation into Spanish (published simultaneously as *La Crisis de la Tierra en Mexico*) fell to this reviewer. Both as a Mexican deeply concerned with his country's future and as a professional agronomist I found the work deeply thought-provoking. The reading and careful study of the English version suggested ideas which in turn inspired this comment.

For any country anywhere, the problems stemming from the merciless felling and destruction of forests and the washing away of the soil constitute a veritable tragedy. But for a country of fifteen million farmers like Mexico, where good agricultural soil is extremely scarce because of the mountainous terrain, the deforestation and erosion of the land will literally mean collective suicide unless full attention is paid to them. History has already given us examples of peoples and entire civilizations that have disappeared from the face of the earth when they destroyed their forests and soil. From time to time it is good to reflect on the marvelous force—the basis for the very survival of the human race—represented in the roughly sixteen inches of fertile soil covering the surface of the earth, and the irreparable evils its disappearance must cause.

Mr. Tom Gill, author of the work we are considering, is a forestry expert of international reputation who bases his observations on thorough study of the forestry situation in Mexico. He is also author of the classic work on the forests of the Antilles, *Tropical Forests of the Caribbean*, and has wide experience in this field. He was recently in Japan, where he drafted a forestry law that has already been approved by the Japanese Diet and is now awaiting the Emperor's signature.

The two editions of this work, both published by the Charles Lathrop Pack Forestry Foundation of Washington, D.C., make a magnificent contribution to the study of the waste of Mexico's renewable natural resources and deserve to be read with care and analyzed with affection by students, economists, and statesmen of that country in particular and of all Latin America in general, who frequently seem to ignore or disregard the basic importance of the soil to the flourishing development of agricultural activities in their respective countries. These activities, in the final analysis, are those that supply the food for a population in constant growth plus the raw materials for the desired industrialization. Only an abundance of the products of the soil can make it possible to better the standards of living of the many millions of farmers who are really engaged in an uneconomic activity of mere subsistence, and only that abundance can finally enable them to become good customers for the new industrial products that may be manufactured in their respective countries.

Mr. Gill divides his work into the following chapters: The Problem, The People, Land (Agricultural, Forest, and Grazing), Water, and The Task. They contain abundant information duly supported with numerous and well-selected bibliographical references.

The careful and thoughtful reader can only shudder at the awful panorama the author impartially presents but which, in spite of the brave efforts of a group of Mexican ecologists, agronomists, and professional men who have sounded the alarm, has not yet been able to influence that country's government officials in charge of increasing agricultural and lumber production.



Cover drawing of ancient sculpture from Tom Gill's book

Because, as the author so judiciously remarks: "The proposed irrigation plans of the Mexican Government are most impressive, and no one can look without admiration at its cooperative work with the Rockefeller group and at the activities of the Soil Conservation Service. All these efforts make for a better agriculture, but their permanent contributions would be far more effective if they could be included within a comprehensive and unified program that would coordinate the management of all the natural resources. What is so sorely needed is what Beltrán calls the 'panoramic viewpoint,' which would integrate present efforts with each other and with whatever additional efforts are needed for an over-all action program and for unity of policy. For neither a comprehensive program nor unity of policy can be attained from isolated activities, one having to do with soil conservation, another with forestry, another with irrigation, each advancing on its own front, each acknowledging no relationship with the others."

Lastly, Mr. Gill suggests some measures for beginning to solve part of the complex problems which have already caused wanton destruction of Mexico's renewable natural resources. Among them, he offers four basic steps:

1. A resource inventory to determine the problem.
2. Formulation of an integrated program of resource use.
3. Creation of an organization and technical staff to administer the program.
4. Education—information, demonstration, conservation teaching in school curricula.

The work we are considering ends with the following note of warning: "Valiantly and against enormous odds the Mexican has fought for his land. His history has been a fight for land. He has fought against the foreign invader and against the long succession of internal despots who sought to wrest the land away from him. Now ahead lies still another struggle for his precious soil, perhaps the most critical of all. If he loses this, all his previous victories go for nothing.

"But the hour is late."—Gonzalo Blanco

LAND HUNGER IN MEXICO, by Tom Gill. Washington, D.C., The Charles Lathrop Pack Forestry Foundation, 1951. 86 p. \$2.00

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

THESE PICTURES are from *This Is War!*, a moving record of fighting men in Korea snapped by *Life* correspondent David Douglas Duncan and published by Harper and Brothers. It is not a history of this latest armed conflict



or its whys and wherefores. The pictures, grouped in three sequences, deal with the capture of a hill, the battle for Seoul following the Inchon landing, and the cold, savage march back from the Changjin Reservoir. Mr. Duncan lets his Marines, enemy prisoners, and Korean children tell their own stories—in their faces, their hands, their huddled or charging forms. They are stories that men of any war can see as their own. Instead of interrupting the scene with captions, the author sets the stage for each chapter in a brief text, with simplicity, understanding, and all the pride of a U.S. Marine.

THIS IS WAR!, by David Douglas Duncan, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1951. \$4.95

LETTERS FROM THE PAST

IN THE MANNER of putting cart before horse, twelve letters, actually the first published work of W. H. Hudson, are brought to the public at large in *Letters on the Ornithology of Buenos Ayres*. Republished now, nineteen years after death stilled the melodious pen of the eccentric South American naturalist-author, the volume sheds light on the early life, activities, and opinions of one of English literature's most mysterious personalities. With the aid of Scotsman David R. Dewar's editing, the reader is permitted fleeting, but perceptive, glimpses into the odd character that one day would so sensitively interpret the *Green Mansions* and *The Purple Land* that lie to the south.

Take, for instance, this description from the First Letter, written when the author was twenty-eight: "The first bird of this species [*Icterus pyrrhopterus*] I shot, was but slightly wounded in the wing, and fell into a stream; to my great surprise it began singing as it floated about on the surface of the water, and even when I had taken it out, continued to sing, at intervals in my hand." Or, from the Sixth Letter, written when Hudson was twenty-nine: "One of our marsh black-birds—the *Chrysomus frontalis*—possesses this habit of singing while it is raining; its song begins with a low mourning note to which succeeds a long, soft, plaintive whistle, this is followed by others, short and in rapid succession, as they rise, growing longer as they sink again, untill they die away. This song heard in wet and gloomy weather has an indescribably sweet and melancholly affect." Anyone who has followed Mr. Abel through the green rain-forests of the Venezuelan *guayana* in his pursuit of Rima, the bird-girl, will perceive the germs of the delicate descriptions which were not to bear fruit for another thirty-four years with the publication of the incomparable *Green Mansions*.

These letters, addressed to Dr. P. L. Sclater of the Zoological Society of London, were first printed in that organization's *Proceedings*, but edited and corrected by Dr. Sclater. In the current volume, the complete contents, original spelling, and punctuation are fully reproduced except in cases where portions of the correspondence are missing. As the second quote above shows, Hudson was a notoriously poor speller. The book is full of errors: *decieved*, *manafesting*, *nessiary*, *definate*, *enimy*, *leasure*, *favorate*, and so on, but the author noticeably began to take pains with his spelling and punctuation after the Fourth Letter when he became aware that his efforts were being printed in an important scientific journal. Again the reader has an insight into the lonely boy born on the Argentine pampas (his parents were North Americans; his father from Maine, his mother from Massachusetts), where his closest companion was his mother and his informal education was limited to the classics in the *estancia* library.

Raised in such surroundings, it is not strange that Hudson grew into a man peculiarly sensitive to simplicity, to nature, and to ideas, but lacking the art of subtlety in his dealings with people. Perhaps nowhere is this better illustrated than in his startling attack in his Third Letter on Charles Darwin, whom he takes to task for speaking of a local woodpecker "which never climbs a tree." Hudson's sharpness in implying that the great evolutionist twisted facts to bolster his theory stands in marked contrast to Darwin's calm reply, also reproduced here.

The original letters apparently were written on both sides of thin, cheap paper in a mature hand whose elegant flourishes reveal the personality which would reach its peak after 1874, when the writer took up residence in England. They contain reference to the *ombú* tree that Hudson was later to immortalize in the book of the same name, and to the "lost and wasted eggs" of the indiscriminate blackbirds that impressed him in the

Far Away and Long Ago of his childhood. His growing descriptive skill appears strikingly as he writes of the *urracas*, birds whose beautiful sky-blue eggs hatch ugliness and filth, or of the gulls that dip and soar and seek the offal of the La Plata estuary.

Letters on the Ornithology of Buenos Ayres is an illuminating supplement to what little is known of this master of description and literary delicacy. With its foreword by Dartmouth's professor of comparative literature Herbert F. West, it helps the reader discover more of W. H. Hudson, who himself discovered so much of South America for his admiring audience around the world.—*Wallace B. Alig*

LETTERS ON THE ORNITHOLOGY OF BUENOS AYRES, by W. H. Hudson. Edited by David R. Dewar. Foreword by Herbert F. West. Ithaca, New York, Cornell University Press, 1951. 93 p. \$2.75

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Presenting our Ambassadors



Ambassador Héctor David Castro of El Salvador has won international recognition in two fields: law and diplomacy. Before becoming his country's delegate to the Organization of American States, he was a district attorney and judge. Today, at 57, he can look back over a distinguished career that has included such posts as Salvadorean Undersecretary of Finance and War, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Rector of the National University, and Governor of the International Monetary Fund and International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Born in San Salvador in 1894, he was awarded his doctor's degree in law and politics and social science in 1915 at the National University. Then followed valuable experience in civil, criminal, and commercial law. In 1920, Dr. Castro was named consul at Liverpool, England, an appointment that launched him on the way to becoming one of his country's most eminent diplomats. Besides his other posts, he has headed numerous Salvadorean delegations to international conferences in all parts of the world, and holds decorations from various countries including Spain, Greece, Colombia, Italy, and China.

Among all the Ambassadors in Washington, Nicaragua's Dr. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Ambassador to the United States and to the Organization of American States, is second only to Dr. Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstjerne of Norway in length of service. He came to the embassy and to the Pan American Union's Governing Board (predecessor of the OAS Council) in 1943. Born in León, Nicaragua, in 1908, Dr. Sevilla got his start as a lawyer. After serving as a local and then district judge in civil and criminal courts, he was elected to the Nicaraguan Chamber of Deputies in 1934, and reelected in 1939. In 1943 and 1944 Dr. Sevilla headed his country's delegations to the UNRRA conferences in Atlantic City and Montreal and to the Bretton Woods monetary conference. In 1945 he was Vice-Chairman of the Nicaraguan delegations at the Chapultepec and San Francisco Conferences. The next year he lent his legal talents to the leadership of the Inter-American Conference of Experts on Copyright. In 1948 he was Vice-Chairman of the Nicaraguan delegation at Bogotá. Dr. Sevilla holds the rank of permanent delegate to the United Nations, and also speaks for his country on the Inter-American Coffee Board and the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, and as Governor for Nicaragua in the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

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PAROLE, AMERICA—COUNTERSIGN, LIBERTY

(Continued from page 23)

When he arrived in Washington to pay his respects to Thomas Jefferson, he did not find it hard to see the President. Unlike the aristocratic Federalists, Jefferson lived in the most unaffected simplicity. Miranda's diary includes an almost stenographic transcription of the conversation between them.

Jefferson told the Venezuelan that Baron von Humboldt had informed him at length about the wealth and future prospects of the South American lands. The President said prophetically that there was a big job to be done there that would benefit men everywhere—building the interoceanic canal—and it must be done by Americans, not Europeans. He added that he was sorry he had been born too soon to see the glory and splendor of the Americas, which were making great progress toward complete independence.

To keep Miranda from indiscreetly involving him in his political plans, Jefferson showed him his library and his small museum of curiosities. "He collects strange animals and shows his guests a snake with two heads and other bagatelles that bespeak a mind more adapted to literature than to government," wrote Miranda.

His luncheon with Jefferson was only a friendly prologue to the more concrete matters he was to discuss with Secretary Madison. Responding to a too-direct question, Madison summed up the U.S. Government's attitude on the "South American question" in three points: 1) The United States presumed that independence for the American countries that were still enslaved must be achieved by a purely American effort, free of all European influences; 2) the government did not know how to assist Miranda without betraying good faith and friendship toward nations (like Spain) with which the United States was at peace; 3) individuals could do whatever the laws did not explicitly forbid.

That third point, by which Mr. Madison practically proposed to fold his arms while South America awoke to freedom, encouraged the fantastic man from Caracas to go on with his expeditionary project. In his coat pocket he carried a noble and generous letter from the imponderable Colonel Smith in New York. Smith would stake his reputation as a prudent official on the romantic undertaking. He offered Miranda fifty thousand dollars from his own pocket as the contribution of a democracy-loving private citizen to the magnificent attempt to liberate a continent. He added that he was glad to be able to help free those lands from the yoke of oppression, provide a haven for the persecuted, and establish nations untroubled by the intrigues and vices of corrupt courts. He concluded the zealous letter with an even more touching statement. He offered Miranda his own son, William Steuben Smith, whom he had raised "in the cult of liberty." He would be honored if General Miranda would accept him as his aide-de-camp during the proposed expedition.

What Miranda had seen of the North American democracy renewed his dream of creating similar institutions in South America. In his hotel room as he was

ous glorieux. Voeux à la immortalité.

Havana 26 de Mayo de 1783.

Duplicate.

Exmo. Sr. D. J. de Washington

B. L. de la Cruz

de la Cruz

de la Cruz

Exmo. Sr. D. J. de Washington

On earlier visit to United States, Miranda carried this letter of introduction to George Washington, seeking his aid

about to leave for New York, he wrote a farewell letter to President Jefferson, which he closed with the hope that they would someday see "that age the return of which the Roman bard invoked in favor of the human race," quoting Vergil's prophetic lines:

*Ultima Cumai venit jam carminis aetas;
magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo;
jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturni regno.*

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finished course: Saturnian times,
Roll round again, and mighty years began,
From this first orb, in radiant circles ran.

The rest is history. Miranda was not destined to win independence himself but to open the way for Simón Bolívar by constant example and heroic adventure. As in all great human movements, the Precursor gave place to the Liberator. But the books written by Biggs, Moses Smith, Edsall, and Sherman, and published in the United States so many miles from where the events took place, perpetuated the story of one of the era's most extraordinary exploits.

The "regeneration of the New World," wrote Biggs, "must indeed be effected by resistance to established authorities and by revolution." When, in the trial of the outfitters and backers of the *Leander*, the prosecution sought to judge Miranda *in absentia*, the eloquent New York lawyer Mr. Emmet compared him with Thrasylbulus, who freed Athens from the thirty tyrants. "Thrasylbulus . . . wherefore are you named with honor in the records of history?" asked the lawyer. "Because, while a fugitive and an exile, you collected together a band of brave adventurers who confided in your integrity and talents; because without the acknowledged assistance of any state or nation, with no commission but what you derived from patriotism, liberty, and justice, you marched with your chosen friends, and overthrew the tyranny of Sparta in the land that gave you birth."

For the same reasons, the password James Biggs quoted can be taken, not only as an order of the day, but as the key to the meaning of the adventure: "Parole, America—Countersign, Liberty."

PERU GOES FISHING

(Continued from page 9)

capacity, ranges up to \$2,600 a trip, and a refrigeration center is now being built on the islands themselves.

In the United States meat shortages and climbing food prices give the Humboldt Current a constantly mounting importance. Each year we are eating more fish. The sale of tuna, our most popular canned fish, has more than doubled since 1939—and it is conservatively estimated that 90 per cent of the supply comes from waters off Latin America.

Swordfish, regarded as an exotic luxury a few years



FAO and Peruvian officials inspect Callao canning factory



Fish section of Central Market in Lima. The Office of Fisheries is planning more sanitary presentation of food to public

ago, is the ocean's most satisfying answer to high meat prices. Grilled, it suggests firm, juicy lamb chops more than anything else, and it has all of meat's nutritive values. Today frozen swordfish imports into the United States approach five thousand tons a year, mostly from Peruvian waters.

But the Humboldt's most promising gift to the American table is the bonito, a small, swift cousin of the tuna. It has long been caught in small lots off California, but now it has turned up by the millions down south. Efforts to popularize it put it under a double handicap. It was represented as a cheap substitute for tuna and sometimes labeled "tuna." It was also branded *bonito*—the name of an inferior, dark-meat fish caught in our own warmer waters and already familiar to us. Some experts insist that bonito is superior to tuna, if only because it is caught just off the coast and packed within hours of leaving the water, thus retaining all its flavor, while tuna is frozen and hauled great distances to the canneries.

Peru's canneries are equipped to produce 150,000,000 cans of bonito a year under the supervision of the Peruvian Fish and Wild-Life Bureau, whose standards are comparable to those of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. After the first cleaning and precooking, fish are not touched by hand. Machines cut the fillets to size, pack them, and pass the cans along conveyor belts to other machines that sterilize them, then add salt and vegetable oil. A third battery seals the cans, which then move to giant pressure cookers for seventy-five minutes before they are cooled and labeled. Finally, sample cans must pass through the laboratory at Callao where contents are tested for quality, weight, and conformity to packing regulations. The American Colony Corporation, a nonprofit marketing organization, has done much to promote these high standards.

Today bonito, the biggest canned export, is spreading the legend *Product of Peru* across grocery shelves throughout the United States. Peru alone sold some eight million pounds here last year and Chile added more. Belgium, Canada, Italy, and Switzerland have also become important markets.

But the fish that reaches the table is not the whole measure of the Humboldt's treasure. Modern canneries waste nothing. Inedible parts, and whole fish of unmarketable types, are processed into fish meal to be used as stock feed and fertilizer, and fish oil for paints. Peru exported 4,044 tons of fish meal last year and more than a ton of vitamin-rich fish livers. Then there are the potentialities of thousands of square miles of seaweed just off the coast—a submarine jungle, known to be a lucrative source of iodine and other medical needs, which awaits investigation by the new laboratory.

Marine scientists foresee the time when population pressure will compel us to cultivate the sea's resources as intensively as those of the land. In that event the mineral-fed Humboldt Current may well become one of the most strategic areas of the globe. Even now its war-born productivity has become perhaps the most important new factor in the food supply and economic strength of the Americas.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 46



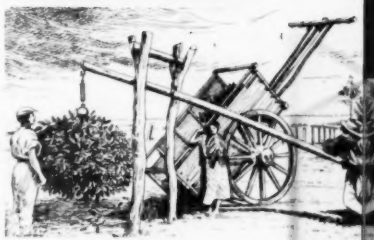
1. Keats' classic sonnet *On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer* refers erroneously to discoverer of Pacific: "Or like stout Cortéz . . . and all his men . . . Silent, upon a peak in Darien." Right man, pictured here, is Pizarro, Balboa, or Belalcázar?



2. One of first U.S. statesmen to recommend recognition of new South American nations liberated by Simón Bolívar was this noted Virginia-born orator from Kentucky: Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, or Albert Gallatin?



3. From his equipment, it is obvious that this Canadian is using the modern method of prospecting for gold, uranium, or asbestos?



4. Oil of petit-grain, important perfume ingredient, is extracted from leaves of the bitter orange, important crop in Cuba, Curaçao, or Paraguay?



5. This perky fellow, a cormorant, is almost worth his weight in gold. A producer of guano, the most valuable fertilizer known, he inhabits islands off what South American country?

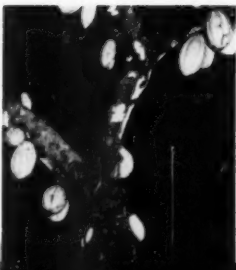


6. Flag shown here has blue and white colors of banner carried by San Martín in battles for liberation of Chile and Peru. With sun added, it is now the national flag of Uruguay, Chile, or Argentina?

7. Mariners know the passage between Cuba and Haiti indicated here as the Windward, the Mona, or the Anegada?



8. These *al fresco* diners are on the beach at Waikiki, Rio, Miami Beach, or Viña del Mar?



9. This plant at La Lola, Costa Rica, by any other name would be as sweet as the flavor its nuts produce for candy bars and ice cream. What is it?



10. Lake Atitlán with its inactive San Pedro volcano and traditional cloud wreath is tourist attraction in _____, northernmost country of Central America. Fill in blank.

A BOLIVIAN ABROAD

(Continued from page 30)

me—in Europe they think every American is a millionaire. The other day the hotel manager in Venice protested to me: "What are twenty thousand lire to you who have dollars?" (I thought of our poor 170 bolivianos to the dollar.)

... When you're in Europe, you understand our sub-continent better. Days-long journeys among neighboring countries that seem normal to us and that here would take you from Gibraltar to Moscow if it weren't for the Iron Curtain, always carry us to the same race, language, religion, customs, traditions. In Europe, a few hours on a train bring you face to face with profound differences. The Spaniard's momentary fits of passion seem to have nothing in common with Swiss tenacity and discipline, nor his mystic sensuousness with the civic and religious austerity of the British. What is there in common between Italian lyricism, French spiritual refinement, and dry German cerebralism? To confirm these differences, recall the representative men of each land. Gide and Valéry could only be products of France, Albert Schweitzer of an Alsace of balanced traditions. Europe north of the Pyrenees has a dynamic sense of life as opposed to the "tragic sense" of Moorish Spain. In America it is easy to establish a genuinely South.

Novel "modernistic" tower of church in Barcelona—designed and built in 1882



Visit to Spanish city recalls El Greco's masterpiece, *View of Toledo* in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art

Latin, or Indo-American type, and perhaps another for North America. There are no fundamental differences in the Latin American group and hardly any shadings; Bolivar's dream was not in vain, though the statesmen of a century have not been able to bring it into being.

In Paris a writer asked me: "Why is there antagonism among the nations to the West, with the kind of unity you've just mentioned? We Europeans, to achieve such unity, would have to remake history." In Europe the words Pan America or Indo-America sound like heresy; there you must say "Spanish America." They do not understand that we are living at a time when the United States has more influence on us than Europe; that we have stopped following the literary watchwords and even the fashions of Paris; that our economy is subordinate to that of the North; that our vision is more vital and dynamic than before; that we have our own rich sources of inspiration. Maya, Aztec, Aymará, Quechua, have left us stone, bronze, and gold. . . .

In which I consider our defects

Both positive and negative become clearer when viewed from a distance. You and I have spoken of it often: why doesn't South America progress to the level of its possibilities? There is land and to spare, natural wealth, talented people. Let us publicly recognize our absolute lack of foresight, our faulty economic education. We do nothing with the care or precision that the peoples of Teutonic blood—English, Dutch, Swiss, German—bring

to a task. That is why they can fall into abysses and rise again as if by magic. We trust too much to the Virgin and the saints—the Indians to their pagan deities barely covered with a Christian mantle—"trusting in God," yes, but not bothering to "keep the powder dry." A "beautiful death" is more important than humble daily living. It's easy to find a hundred volunteers to risk their lives in an instant's heroism, but difficult to find ten men to build a road. We go on believing in the biblical curse of work.

. . . You'll be surprised to hear where I found that traditional Spanish courtesy—in London! None of the celebrated English austerity, uncommunicativeness, gruffness, lack of humor. Scarcely had I arrived in London when the P.E.N. Club, together with the British Council, offered me a full and detailed program. I saw museums, cathedrals, castles, parks, theaters, ballet, opera, universities, libraries, bookstores; they offered me lodging, dinners, cocktails, excursions, car at the door. And all with genuine tact, correctness, generosity. In ten days I saw more than in a month in Madrid, obviously eager as they had been there to make a good impression on South Americans. The gift of doing things well and unostentatiously I found in London. One detail: when I left, at nine in the morning of a raw autumn day, a number of people came to see me off (our *chargé d'affaires* included—what atmosphere can do!), and attached to my Brussels itinerary was a pleasant note indicating even the time difference in Belgium. The small



Memories of Don Quixote linger in old walled city of Avila, in La Mancha

things are what reveal a people. Until then I had believed that North Americans were the masters of doing and organizing. Looking at the United States from England, you see how young it still is. The North American is simple, sentimental, rather crude, rather materialistic, frivolous in his amusements, when compared with the Englishman, sure of himself and his feelings, linked to traditions that stretch out to Rome and Athens, Jerusalem and Egypt. True, the number of libraries and museums in the United States and the number of people who attend them are astonishing; but the level of authentic, inherited, native culture is higher in Europe even in the average man. This is not a reproach, it couldn't be—nature won't be hurried.

And we, the peoples "south of the border"? If there is a gulf between the culture of Europe and of North America, there is also one between us and our English-speaking brothers. If I'm tiring you, fold up this letter and immerse yourself in the poetry of the great Peruvian Vallejo (I visited his tomb in Paris; when will his remains be repatriated?) or in our profound Franz Tamayo. I'm keeping it as short as I can. I said there was a difference. It is that from Mexico on runs Indian blood; and this blood is far from young. The Indians had a fine culture, the work not of ruling classes but of the people. How moving the people are everywhere, now and always! This culture is latent, and manifests itself in popular art. What's lacking is something to guide, stimulate, elevate what the Indian has inside him. North Americans who come to our lands, not knowing our language, even the diplomats, rarely discover this truth: that they have not descended to a backward country but ascended to one that long had its own culture, which the modern rhythm they introduced is in part erasing. Don't you find that a harmonious textile, a piece of silver lovingly made by hand, is worth more than the standardized comfort that comes to us from the North? So there's a deep need to open the eyes of Europeans as well as North Americans to Central and South American reality. We ourselves have even more to learn. Our ideas about Uncle Sam are as false as our ideas about Europeans; we judge by the unrepresentative individuals who come as tourists. The cultured man rarely visits us, unless to test his scientific theories.

From the ship

. . . I'm on my way home, dear Maria Virginia; I can glimpse American shores. I don't want to leave unanswered your question about your son. If it's a question of primary school, you can do quite well enough with those of Uruguay—a free country where children can grow up happy, without fears or prejudices. For my part, if my children had an artistic bent, I'd send them first to Italy, then to France. If they were inclined toward law, to Rome. If what you want for your son is a solid integral education, choose England, Belgium, or Switzerland. Don't let him go to the Sorbonne, because it's very near the Latin Quarter and the existentialist cafés; nor to Spain, because he'll become set less in its qualities than in the defects we have in common with that beloved land—neglect, non-fulfillment, verse, pretty girls. . . . Now, if you want your son to be a practical, efficient man, without spiritual complications, send him to the United States. And in any case, even if he comes back without a degree, as long as you have the money, send him somewhere. A trip, like a kiss, is always useful. . . .

* * *

P.S. I hope these disjointed paragraphs, dear Juan, will make up for the letter I'm not writing you.

Your friend,

YOLANDA BEDREGAL

PARAGUAY

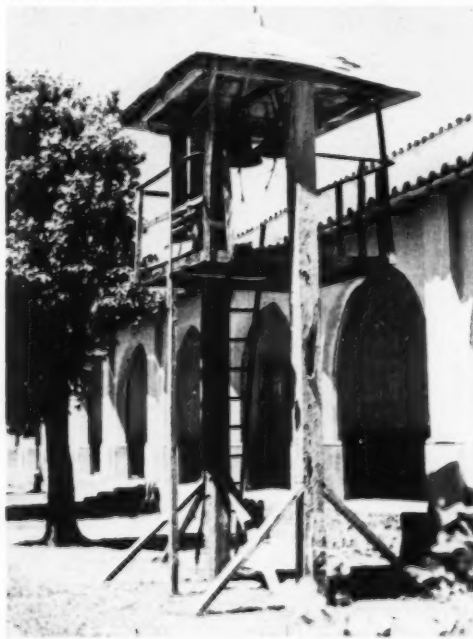
(Continued from page 20)

Among the typical popular arts of Paraguay, none equals the delicate lace work known as *ñanduti*, which is an expression of the Paraguayan woman's profound artistic feeling. *Nanduti* (a Guaraní word meaning literally "spider web") undoubtedly originated from the lace work of Tenerife, but in Paraguay it attained such perfection that perhaps no other lace in the world can match it. It is filigree work of a beauty that seems almost unbelievable in its minute detail, adorned with motifs that reveal exquisite taste. Curiously, *ñanduti* lace is made in only one town in Paraguay—Itauguá, a few miles from Asunción—and only by certain families, in which the technique is passed down from mother to daughter as a household tradition.

In the past twenty years, Paraguayans have made a magnificent contribution to folk music in America with their *guaranía*. Like everything else Paraguayan, the *guaranía* is not clamorous. It is a melancholy melody that develops in prolonged notes. The country's traditional music was the polka, from which the *guaranía* is derived. But in the polka there was, and is, a picaresque background, a frolicsome touch that the *guaranía* has suppressed. Nevertheless, the *guaranía* represents a refinement of its predecessors in folk music.

Let us hope that European civilization, which entered the Río de la Plata region through Paraguay, will also

Quaint belltower at Ypacaray calls Paraguayan faithful to worship



achieve full maturity there. The Paraguayan people have by no means exhausted their historic destiny.



In Concepción, a company of traveling entertainers posts its signs along the street to the satisfaction of young and old alike



Paraguayan women smoke cigars scorned by males as "effeminate." Here mother puffs away as she and daughter pound corn for bread

Answers to Quiz on page 43

1. Balboa
2. Henry Clay
3. Uranium (he carries a Geiger counter)
4. Paraguay
5. Peru
6. Argentina
7. Windward
8. Rio
9. Cacao
10. Guatemala

FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED by Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. **DESDE QUE TE MARCASTE** Colombian Pasillo
SOLTANDO CHISPAS Guaracha Ansonia 5036

In the *pasillo*, the typical Colombian waltz, the rhythm is intriguingly different from our version, with a more complex structure that gives a flowing effect. Melodically, one senses a romantic melancholy nicely balanced by crisp instrumental background work emphasizing the *bandola*, or mandolin. The *guaracha*, while using the same fine instrumentalists, is in a contrasting rhythm.

2. **ANOCHE, A MEDIANOCHE** Mexican Canción Ranchera
CORAZON TRAICIONERO Mexican Canción Ranchera Ansonia 8056

Both discs are nostalgic reminders of happy hours in Mexico, with the beguiling, if somewhat strident, playing and singing of Mariachi bands. The same boisterous technique, the same sisters singing in parallel harmony. Delightfully typical.

3. **GOZA LA PENA** Puerto Rican Plena
TORIBIO Guaracha Ansonia 8055

This first-class recording presents a fine contrast in two characteristic dances and at the same time two very different accompaniments. The *plena* is full of pep, with a fast-moving background of drum, tambourine, and—surprisingly—an accordion. In the *guaracha*, the more usual Puerto Rican instruments, such as guitar and gourd rattles, are featured. The singing is in the customary rather shrill native style.

4. **CORAZON MENDIGO** Mexican Bolero
BESOS FALSOS Bolero Victor 23-5179

Another good recording with unusual contrast. Fernando Fernández sings a sophisticated *bolero* composed by Señorita María Alma. Sultry Señorita Lupita Palomera's song, on the other hand, was written by Jacobo Kendis. Both are understandably popular performers in Mexico City.

5. **JURAME** Mexican Canción
ESPERANDOTE Mexican Canción Victor 23-5368

Two beautiful songs superbly rendered by the fine Mexican tenor Néstor Chayres in his most accomplished lyrical style. Audiences who have heard Chayres in the United States and readers of this column will be glad to learn that, after his serious automobile accident, he is fortunately now on the road to recovery.

6. **ADIOS** Venezuelan Joropo
ETERNAME Beguine Victor 23-0980

Venezuela's outstanding woman singer María Teresa Acosta brings controlled fire and drama to her performances. In her correct singing of the virile *joropo*, she shows a sharp crisp technique aimed at emphasizing the intricacies of the dance rhythm. In the more feminine-flavored *beguine*, Miss Acosta uses the caressing tones of her unusual voice to excellent advantage.

7. **FLAMENQUERIAS** SMC 33-1/3 LP 509

Miguel Herrero, singing star of *Cabalgata*, accompanied by two guitarists, gives a polished recital of well-known Flamenco songs. It is interesting to note that in the *Ojos Verdes* (not to be confused with the Cuban rumba of that title) he is joined by his beautiful wife, the exquisite dancer of *Cabalgata*, Carmen Vásquez. Featured on this LP recording are such famous songs as *La Luna Enamorá*, *Bulerías*, *Ñiña Isabel*, *Tanguillo*, and *La Bien Pagá*.

8. **TALENTO** Spanish Pasodoble
AROMAS DE NARDO Spanish Pasodoble ADA 20

As there are no vocal refrains on this disc, you will find it most satisfactory for dancing when in the Spanish mood. *Talento* utilizes the castanets as a spirited foil for the trumpets.

CUBAN PAINTBRUSH

(Continued from page 27)

Daniel Serra Badué is almost the only Cuban painter to hold out against the lure of the capital. Unaffected by the styles in vogue in Havana, he pursues a calm and imaginative road of his own, painting and teaching in Santiago, at the other end of the island.

Of the young new painters who exhibited at the Lyceum in December, Luis Alonso is a fine draftsman; Pedro Alvares experiments in non-objective art; and Mijares won the salon prize last summer. Mijares, who breaks up his space into highly colored triangles like stained glass, owes his inspiration to colonial interiors, which he treats in a manner peculiarly his own. Raúl Martínez, a clerk at the U.S. Embassy who paints with considerable versatility, is fascinated by movement and color. These younger painters, mainly in their twenties, all studied at San Alejandro and, like their predecessors, have in turn revolted. Their cry is for experimentation and freedom from conventional form, but devotion to Cuban sources. There are, of course, many other fine painters in Havana who prefer tradition to innovation.

A study of Cuban painting induces deep respect for the painters, for they are obviously serious, dedicated men and women. The modern group, innovators and experimenters, have a tremendous literary appeal. Many come from poor families and have painted their way around the world. Interesting tales lie back of their canvases, and much could be written on Cuban symbolism. Nor have these artists been without their apologists in print. Still, painting should be seen, not described, for a painter loses the special impact of his medium when his ideas are translated into words.

The main strength of the Cuban painters rests in the fact that they are in every way the product of their island's individual culture. The gorgeous color, the vibrant light, the lush vegetation, the generosity of nature are all reflected in their work, as are the ethnic elements that give Cuba its special stamp.

Portocarrero mural occupies sixth floor wall of Esso Building, Havana



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COLOMBIA'S GRAND OLD MAN

Dear Sirs:

Hernando Téllez' article on Baldomero Sanín Cano, which was published under the title "Colombia's Grand Old Man" in the May issue of AMERICAS, is a very complete and conscientious study of that singular American man of letters, whose youthful old age is the pride of Colombia and of the whole continent. I would like to add a few lines, which, although they will not add to the intellectual stature of the great humanist, will be a tribute from a people that has learned to pronounce the name of Sanín Cano in the age-old language in which the Bible was written.

Sanín Cano ardently defended the cause of the Jews and of establishing the State of Israel. For a man of his training the fate of our people could not be a matter of indifference. And instead of waning as the years went by, his work for the cause took on incredible courage and dignity.

I shook his hand for the first time in 1946 while on an official visit to Colombia. Later, in the summer of 1950, the Maestro met me at the Bogotá airport with outstretched arms, deeply moved to have lived to see the birth of our nation for which his brilliant pen had fought so hard. And the Maestro took part in every function during my stay in Bogotá, displaying his physical and mental agility. . . .

Moshé A. Tov
Delegate of Israel
to the United Nations
New York, N. Y.

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

Dear Sirs:

I would like to call to your attention the work of the Pan American Commission of Tampa, which has just completed its first year. The Commission was organized by a group of citizens representing a cross-section of community life, to promote inter-American relations in culture, travel, and trade.

Among its accomplishments have been an increase in air travel facilities between Tampa and Latin America from one to three round trips daily, with a resultant proportionate increase in travel; an increase in Tampa advertising in Latin American publications; and a general reawakening of interest in Pan American affairs. Historic sites where José Martí was active in behalf of Cuban independence have been designated by markers, several busts of Martí have been erected, and his home in Tampa is being purchased for an inter-American historical museum.

Cultural projects under way now include an annual inter-American art show and an annual exchange of students between the University of Tampa and universities in Central and South America. Tampa's principal inter-American project is the restoration and redevelopment of Ybor City, the center of its Spanish and Cuban population, where many examples of Latin American architecture will be preserved and added to. . . . In time a Park of the Americas will be centered in this community.

Anthony P. Pizzo
Tampa, Florida

OUR FACES ARE RED

Dear Sirs:

I would like you to enlighten me as to why no reference was made to Charles E. Babcock in your most interesting article in the June issue entitled "This Library Has It." I cannot conceive of a more unfair omission. Babcock made the Columbus Memorial Library, under the dynamic impulse of John Barrett, in his service of forty-three years in the Pan American Union. . . . Furthermore, I was there when it started in the little backroom at Jackson Place, for as a newspaperman and publisher, closely identified with Pan America, I frequently visited the Union, saw its historical building erected, and was several times employed to do special work and organize Pan American Congresses.

I do not know if my old friend Babcock is still alive for I am at eighty-one years of age semi-retired in Mexico preparing my

"Pan American Reminiscences." However, whether dead or alive a great injustice has probably unwittingly been done to Charles E. Babcock.

John Vavasour Noel
Mexico, D.F.

Our apologies to Mr. Babcock and reader Noel for what was indeed an oversight. Mr. Babcock, who was librarian from 1911 until his retirement in 1944 and before that a PAU staff member since 1897—a total of forty-seven years—was largely responsible for the library's growth from twenty thousand volumes to its present size. Mr. Babcock is alive and well, and celebrated his golden wedding anniversary last month.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Dear Sirs:

Page 8 of your May issue carries a photograph of Michael Lever, Pan American Union press chief, cementing inter-American press relations with a gentleman from Uruguay and former National Press Club President Radford Mobley, Jr., during the recent Meeting of Consultation of Foreign Ministers.

Page 45 of the same issue, in a description of press arrangements for the consultation meeting, states that, "Irish-born, Madrid-educated Michael Lever, PAU press chief in charge of press relations at the conference, was tearing his hair over letters like the one from Miss Latin America, Inc., demanding six [press] cards for their executives."

I have known Mike for a number of years and we are excellent friends. I know that he, least of all, will take offense if I ask a very natural and logical question: "What hair?"

Edward Tomlinson
New York City

On his chest, of course.

A SON FOR A SON

Dear Sirs:

In 1941 the Pan American Society of San Francisco arranged what was called "An Exchange of Sons." The plan was for a family in the United States to send a son to live with a Latin American family and vice versa, at no added cost to either set of parents, with the Pan American Society arranging for the transportation. Under this plan, Fred H. Walthers of San Francisco went to Santiago, Chile, to live with the family of Fernando Contreras, and Fernando went to San Francisco to live with the Walthers family.

Such exchanges greatly multiplied could do wonders to promote friendship between the people of the Americas. Whereas scholarships involve considerable expense and must be limited necessarily to small numbers, the Pan American Society's plan could embrace thousands. I will welcome correspondence from individuals and organizations interested in setting the plan in motion again.

William Fisher
Box 445
Indio, California

ATTENTION ARTISTS

The Instituto Allende in San Miguel Allende, Mexico, is offering two \$1050 scholarships, one for a U. S. citizen, one for a Canadian. The awards will meet all expenses for ten months' study. Applicants must submit at least ten photographs of recent work—in any branch of fine arts and crafts—and a resumé of any previous training, with recommendations from former teachers and one character reference. In the United States, this material should be sent to Rico LeBrun, 5488 Rodeo Road, Los Angeles 16, California; in Canada, to Leonard Brooks, % L.A.C. Panton, Ontario College of Art, Grange Park, Toronto, Ontario. Applications must be submitted by November 15, 1951. Winners will take up their studies on January 1. For details of the Instituto's program in arts and crafts, address Stirling Dickinson, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.

Opposite: With bits of hard stone, wooden forms, and a hammer, mason lays one of Rio's famous mosaic sidewalks.



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